

The Triumph of Lenin, *by Anna Louise Strong*

The Nation

Vol. CXVIII, No. 3058

FOUNDED 1865

Wednesday, Feb. 13, 1924

Woodrow Wilson

by Oswald Garrison Villard

Midwinter Book Number

Jezebel *by* Scudder Middleton

The Nation's Prize Poem for 1924

Carl Van Doren *by* Carl Van Doren

Children and Peace *by* Hugh Lofting

How the Empire Grows *by* H. W. Nevins

Blunt the Rebel *by* Charles J. Finger

A Gaelic Romance *by* Padraic Colum

and Other Articles and Reviews

What—After All—Is Progressivism?

Norman Hapgood, Senator McCormick, Congressman

Nelson, and Other Citizens Express

Their Opinions

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The Protestant Nursing Sisters of the Palatinate

appeal to the friends of humanity in the United States for the sum of \$10,000 to enable them to carry on their work.

The Nursing Sisters maintain

In Speyer and other Bavarian cities ten institutions, comprising hospitals, nursing homes, a retreat for the aged, orphanages, and, until it was burned recently, a home for mentally defective children. In Speyer alone they care for 150 children a day.

They are *desperately in need* of sums which to Americans seem pitifully small, for the work is in danger of being closed down for lack of funds to clothe the sisters in else than rags, to purchase the necessary bed-linen and medical supplies, and to pay the salaries of nurses and doctors. The French invasion and the fall of the mark have reduced the work to the greatest straits.

The Palatinate is now the victim of the most ruthless military occupation in peace time known to it since the Thirty Years' War. Its inhabitants are literally in a prison; they cannot leave or move about except by military permission. They are all but cut off from their countrymen across the Rhine. People within a short distance of one another do not hear of the illness or death of relatives until their loved ones have been buried. The Palatinate is in the grip of a conquering soldiery. One jail alone holds seventy-five burgomasters and assistant-burgomasters whose sole crime is that they obeyed the laws of their land and not the dictates of their conquerors. The nursing sisters can no longer send the necessary supplies to their outposts by parcel post. Were these things happening in any other country, say in Armenia or Turkey, the world would ring with the wanton cruelty of it.

The editors and owners of *The Nation* have been familiar with this work *since 1881* and indorse it *unreservedly* as to its needs, its superb services, and its efficiency of management.

For the Diakonissenhaus of Speyer and its adjunct services,

Oswald Garrison Villard, Treas., Room 400,
20 Vesey St., N. Y. City.

Enclosed please find \$..... for the Protestant Nursing Sisters of the Palatinate.

Name

Address
2-13-24

THE NEW YORK COMMITTEE:

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The Nation

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Vol. CXVIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1924

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.'S, political course seems run. We cannot believe that after the Teapot Dome revelations he will be available as a candidate for Governor of New York or for any other than some decorative diplomatic post. The Republican politicians in New York are rejoicing at this because they have felt that he was not of the caliber to merit the governorship. They have not forgotten the grim jest at the Albany correspondents' dinner last winter when in reply to a question whether Theodore, Jr., would rise as high as his father the reply was: "Why not? He's light enough." The plea is made for him that he did not understand the significance of Teapot Dome, though he is charged with drafting the transfer order which Mr. Harding signed. But any son of the President who sponsored the conservation policy should have understood these things and resigned. Archie Roosevelt is praised by Senator Pepper and others for getting out of Sinclair's company and informing. The fact is that he saw no harm in being vice-president of a company doing such vital business with the Department of which his brother was assistant secretary. By his own confession on the stand he was a mere figurehead. To Senator Walsh's query, "Your official position seems to have been somewhat nominal then?" Archie Roosevelt replied, "Yes." Subsequently he admitted

he had had nothing whatever to do as vice-president of the Sinclair company during the past year except to supervise a little Russian business. In other words, he was merely selling the Roosevelt name for a good salary.

ONCE MORE THE AMERICAN LEGION is indulging in wild anarchy, and setting itself up as a sort of fascist super-government. The action of legionnaires at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in marching armed with bayonets into a hall where a Lenin memorial meeting was being held, and in breaking it up at the points of their guns, was a disgrace to the Legion and to America. The public abdication by Mayor Daniel L. Hart, however, was even more humiliating. "I shall not tolerate any organization holding meetings in this community that is opposed by the American Legion," said this abject official, who presumably once swore to uphold the law. "All meetings of this character in future will be submitted to the Legion committees for approval before they are permitted. Freedom of speech under the American flag is welcome, but under the red flag of anarchy will never be tolerated." Some day the mayor might take five minutes off from his other duties and look up the meaning and derivation of the word "anarchy," and then reflect upon his own acts as coming under the definition. In Connecticut, too, the Legion has been seeking to abolish free speech and to stop Lenin commemorations. In Springfield, Massachusetts, and in Newark, New Jersey, the police have stopped Lenin meetings, and are properly being sued for false arrest. It is high time for a revival of the good old-fashioned American principles of free speech and free assembly. "Reds" cannot possibly do as much to bring the Constitution into contempt as these public officials with their arrogant disregard of its explicit guarantees.

GREAT BRITAIN has granted unconditional de jure recognition to Soviet Russia! Ramsay MacDonald's note, to be sure, adds that "to create the normal conditions of complete friendly relations and full commercial intercourse it will be necessary to conclude definite practical agreements on a variety of matters," such as the pre-war treaties, the old debts, and propaganda. But he has taken the ostrich-head of diplomacy out of the sand and faced the fact of the existence of Soviet Russia. To the visitor from Mars it might seem obvious that the way to settle these questions was to discuss them with the rulers of Russia, but this simple theorem has been too much for the great minds that have guided Allied diplomacy since the war. Italy is reported on the point of following England's lead. France still hesitates, worried by the fifteen million francs which Frenchmen invested in Russian imperialism; but it is almost certain that the April election will bring the same change of heart in France as the recent overturn brought in England. Curiously, financial circles seemed to like the news; the pound sterling actually rose five points.

GANDHI HAS BEEN RELEASED from prison. It is a satisfaction to think of this twentieth-century saint once more breathing fresh air and living in the sun-

light, even though physicians report that his health is so badly undermined that he must spend six months on the seashore if he is to recover. He is, apparently, set free only when it is believed that he is too sick to preach his gospel effectively. Yet this is the man of whom John Haynes Holmes said in a recent issue of *The Nation*:

In his organization of a vast social movement in terms of non-violent coercion or non-resistant love, his life marks a new epoch in the annals of the race. In purpose, method, and ideal he reveals to our time, as Jesus revealed to his, the way of life. Yet England today, like Rome yesterday, sees nothing to do with such a man but to destroy him!

Perhaps this release is another indication of the new humanity of England's Labor premier. Ramsay MacDonald could do nothing greater for his century than to show that it is possible for the government of an empire to cooperate with a saint.

WHAT EFFECT THE FRIENDLY EXCHANGE of notes between Mr. MacDonald and M. Poincaré will have upon European politics is not clear. It may remove the initial irritation which M. Poincaré must have felt when he read the Labor premier's frank interview in the *Paris Quotidien*, beginning "We blame you for the occupation of the Ruhr." "We can be frank without being hostile," Mr. MacDonald says to M. Poincaré, "and can defend our countries' interests without being at enmity." M. Poincaré replies that he will be no less frank than the British Prime Minister, and no less fervid in defense of French interests. This is a good way to begin, but it reminds us a little of the traditional kiss with which French boxers used to preface their battles.

SMEDLEY BUTLER, OF THE MARINES, has not yet returned to Quantico. He is very busy in Philadelphia. He is shuffling, dealing, discarding members of his police force by the hundred; thumbing his nose at politicians and the civil service. He is god in Philadelphia, and it's a hard job. One of the most annoying aspects of deity is the recalcitrant behavior of the rest of the world. You wave an Olympian finger—nothing happens. Vice, for instance, continues to flourish. You close a dive from 10 p. m. till morning, and lo, the next day it runs from morning to 10 p. m., and somehow vice seems particularly vicious when it flowers by day. Saloons remain objects of suspicion even though your police "chaperons" accompany every man who enters, and sniff the beverage he drinks. You announce forty-eight hours as the longest period the last criminal may remain at large and alive—and then you give him another forty-eight hours. What, in circumstances like these, in a world like this one, is omnipotence to do? We have only one suggestion: let it tie up its wounds in the rags of its self-esteem, take off its special near-civilian uniform, retire to Quantico, and leave the job to ordinary human beings.

WE HAVE EXPRESSED occasional doubts about the methods used in awarding and advertising the Bok peace plan; we even have looked with an unfavorable eye upon the plan itself and believed it inadequate in the light of a world in chaos; but we have no feelings of either doubt or disfavor in regard to the winner of the prize. Charles H. Levermore is a scholar and an educator and a man whose work for peace, covering a period of many years, leaves no

question about his honest desire to find a way to international decency and to control by reason. The thought that a man who is so obviously disinterested, whose opinion is controlled only by his own conscience, has suddenly become the possessor of world-wide fame and a considerable fortune, is one that warms the heart. We almost wish that we had taken the opportunity offered by the innumerable ballots deposited on the desk in the outer office and sent in a few score votes. It would be a pleasant sensation to help any one win \$100,000; and who would not rejoice to help transfer such a sum from Mr. Bok to Dr. Levermore!

HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS in New York City voted the death of Lenin the "biggest news" of the week ended January 27; they ranked the accession of Labor to power in England second in importance, and the Teapot Dome scandal third. The record of this vote in the columns of the *New York World* may interest the historian a century hence almost as much as the events themselves. Labor governments may have become commonplace; Lenin may appear as a personal incident in a century-long struggle; Teapot Dome may be forgotten. The historian will want to know what boys and girls growing to maturity were thinking. It is surely a hopeful sign that students in their 'teens should look thus broadly across the world. Would a poll in Chicago or in Denver, we wonder, have shown as world-wide an interest—how much did New York's cosmopolitan makeup affect the vote? The *World's* first prize, we note, went to Elihu Platowsky, who says that *The Nation* is his favorite reading. His essay asserted the importance of the Labor Government in England, whereas Lawrence Fleming, with as Anglo-Saxon a name as could be invented, was the prize-winner who wrote on the death of Lenin. Would a poll of parents show as striking a result?

POOOR RICHARD in a singularly effective fashion reminds us of his "Hints for Those that would be Rich":

A Penny sav'd is Twopence clear
A Pin a Day is a groat a year.

One hundred and sixty-five years ago Benjamin Franklin, then in London on the business of the American colonies, placed £100 in the hands of members of the Society of Friends, as a trust. After one hundred and fifty years the trustees were to make awards from time to time, at their discretion, for the most valuable contributions to the science of "cures," particularly in relation to surgery, the nervous system, and "mind-treating." The trustees now announce their first awards: a major award of a £2,500 scholarship to Pierson W. Banning of Los Angeles for his volume "Mental and Spiritual Healing" (Franklin, it is to be remembered, was one of the commission that exposed the impostures of Mesmer); a posthumous award of £1,000 to Charles P. Steinmetz of Schenectady for his privately published treatise "The Nervous System as a Conductor of Electrical Energy"; and a minor award of £500 to Fusakichi Omori of Tokio for his unpublished treatise "The Rotary Knife in Surgery." The faith which we already had in the canniness of Franklin will keep us from being too much impressed by the success of this "trick" of his "for doing a deal of good with a little money," but we are fairly humbled by the long vision of a man who in the eighteenth century could foresee three of the subjects which most concern medical science in the twentieth.

Of the Making of Books

IN spite of the Psalmist it is a very pleasant circumstance that of the making of books there is no end. We may retire to the great masterpieces of the past, but meanwhile there is, as Browning once remarked, our life here. We want its immediate chronicle and comment; we want to see it clarified and made objective in art—we want and need that both for instruction and delight. Above all we want recurrently to be assured that the creative spirit is not a thing of legend and dim years, that it lives and functions here and now, that the wonder and glow of the muses is in our midst no less, if with less splendor, than it was in Florence, Stratford, Weimar, Athens, Rome.

To descend from such general considerations to the actual American books of the year is by no means as violent a process as it might seem. The creative spirit has an infinite variety of manifestations. There have been other periods when beauty and exaltation were not the chief notes of literature. There is an analogy which will, to be sure, not bear pressing too hard, between, let us say, Fielding and Smollett, and Dreiser and the Chicagoans. We have, perhaps, less humor and exuberance and style; we have higher veracity, a deeper searching. At moments, for instance, in Mr. Anderson's "Horses and Men" a thing happens that was said of Wordsworth: Nature seems to take the pen from his hand and write. The same thing is felt in long passages of Miss Fannie Hurst's "Lummox," intolerably mannerized as much of it is. We feel that plain inevitableness also in parts of Mr. Dell's "Janet March."

Meanwhile there is no lack of beauty either, though the beauty is frugal and scrupulous. It has not perhaps been sufficiently noted that American poetry has definitely entered a new stage of development. One no longer thinks primarily of the hoarse vigor of Sandburg or the glittering futility of Amy Lowell. There are the new women poets: Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elinor Wylie, Genevieve Taggard. What a curious and unheard-of age in which young women write with Horatian precision and finesse and stylistic self-discipline and in which so many poets of the sex once called stern fail to trim their lamps and gird their loins! Miss Millay's "The Harp-Weaver" is especially important. She has not the steel-blue sheen, the jade and granite polish of Elinor Wylie. But she is more lucid than either Mrs. Wylie or Miss Taggard, and lucidity is a crying need in all our finer literature.

What we miss, as so often in our modern American literature, is fine prose. The novelists, except Hergesheimer and Miss Cather, are no more than adequate. Mr. Anderson has moments when he writes with a beautiful simplicity, but he does not yet distinguish constantly enough between ease and sloughing. Mrs. Wharton's last book failed utterly on the side of substance, and her style, exquisite at its best, was always derivative. One of the finest American prose books of the year is Mr. Paul Rosenfeld's "Musical Chronicle." We are aware of Mr. Rosenfeld's mannerisms, excesses, Corinthian tendencies. But he has both fire and polish; he is sedulously aware of the problems that are involved in the shaping of fine prose; he has passages that are in truth both rich and racy, that have both lovely flesh and the taut muscle beneath the flesh. The novel, of course, still leads in both appeal and importance, and we have no quarrel with this natural fact. But those

who are concerned with beauty, with style, with literature as a fine art among us, will find much that is genuinely stirring in the fact that our American generation is making books such as Miss Millay's and Mr. Rosenfeld's.

Reformers Must Reform

WILLIAM H. ANDERSON, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, has been convicted of forgery in the third degree. He will appeal from the verdict of the jury—but apparently the appeal will be based upon technicalities rather than upon denial of facts.

What was Mr. Anderson's crime? The substance of it was this: Mr. Anderson hired a Mr. Phillips to collect funds for the League; he agreed to pay him 20 per cent of the first \$25,000 collected yearly, and 10 per cent thereafter; but when Mr. Phillips's commissions were about to produce for him an income larger than Mr. Anderson's own salary, Mr. Anderson insisted that Mr. Phillips split commissions with him—not with the League, but with its director. This transaction did not appear upon the books of the League; it was a secret arrangement between Mr. Phillips and Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Anderson personally ordered that the books be altered so that the sum split was transferred from Mr. Phillips's salary account and charged as "expenses." This order the jury considered "forgery in the third degree." Incidentally the trial brought out the fact that Mr. Anderson had secretly received considerable sums from mysterious private individuals. These sums were not entered upon the books of the League, but were used, according to Mr. Anderson, for the good of the cause.

Officials of the Anti-Saloon League profess to see in this conviction no reason to lose confidence in Mr. Anderson. For the sake of their cause they should wake up and clean house. Mr. Anderson's usefulness to the forces fighting liquor is done. It is undoubtedly true that he has been persecuted beyond the merits of his case; the forces opposed to prohibition have yelped with joy, and magnified into a sensation every minute disclosure of his trial. We do not doubt Mr. Anderson's sincerity in the fight against liquor, but that is not enough; those who set out to reform the world assume a peculiar obligation to meticulous honesty.

Prohibition has suffered much from its advocates. There has been a fanaticism which has led to the assumption that the end justified any means. Mr. Anderson's methods of lobbying, effective as they have seemed at the time, have redounded against his own cause; denunciation of all who do not believe that one-half of one per cent of alcohol constitutes a sort of divinely set limit of innocence in drinks has lost many worthy soldiers to the ranks, and the firmly fixed theory that all who oppose prohibition are in the pay of the brewers and distillers is another unfortunate delusion. *The Nation* believes that this country wants some kind of prohibition made effective, but that it is sick and tired of a fanaticism which only renders enforcement more difficult. Washington is tossing in the throes of one scandal today; another, perhaps even greater, will soon be uncovered. There have been more than hints that Anti-Saloon League officials have winked at the loss of bootleggers' lists containing the names of high Washington officials. When the housecleaning comes, if prohibition is to stand the strain, its advocates must be above all suspicion of careless financial standards.

Woodrow Wilson: A Supreme Tragedy

And so, once upon a time, there came out of the vineyards to speak brave words one as with a silver tongue. Young and old, rich and poor, stopped their work, gathering in the market-place, saying: "Behold, there is one who tells the truth. Do you not see that he is not of the Philistines? Let us listen and be guided of him." Whenever he spoke men echoed his words, so that more and more came to listen and to revere. When all the tribes of Israel went to war it came to pass that his words winged their way wherever men battled and women suffered; as men lay dying of their wounds they cried out to him to prevail in order that none others might perish like unto themselves. Widows with starving babes at their breasts called down blessings upon his name. Serfs and bond-slaves lifted up their voices before his image, saying: "Lo, He has come again." And when the day dawned when men fought no more, and he went abroad, humble folk kneeled down before him, crying: "Thou art the man!"

Yet one day, falling upon evil companions, his strength and wisdom went out from him and his voice was no longer as the trumpets before Jericho. Conceiving greatly he yielded greatly, doing wrong in the hope that some little good might come. Beholding, the people cried: "He is no longer the Messiah that he was. Do you not perceive how now he strikes hands with those who have misled us?" Soon were heard lamentations throughout the land. Men beat upon their breasts, declaring that woe was theirs, that darkness was now indeed upon all His people, and that there was no light upon the waters. Returning thence to his own tribe, men cast him aside, saying: "Thou hast no longer the voice of thy other days; we are betrayed and by thee shall we be led no more."

WOODROW WILSON came into the political life of America as if in response to prayer. It was given to him as to no other to step suddenly out of a cloistered life into high office. Then, as today, there was profound distrust of those conducting the government; startling revelations had laid bare both the corruption in big business and the control of the government by those in the seats of the commercial mighty. Neither the spurious liberalism nor the halfway, compromising reforms of Theodore Roosevelt, with his incessant knocking-down of men of straw, had satisfied the thoughtful or cut deeply into our political sores. To Mr. Wilson, as he once remarked in the office of *The Nation* during his governorship, what the country needed was "a modified Rooseveltism"; what he preached was not only that, but a far greater vision of reform, with a far keener and truer analysis of what was wrong. This he set forth with an extraordinary skill and eloquence which placed him in the front rank of American orators of his or of any time—by the beauty of his language, the wealth of his imagery, the aptness of his illustrations, and the cogency of his arguments.

His "modified Rooseveltism" seemed to the business masters of America far more dangerous than the doctrines of Roosevelt himself; they had known how to get around the latter when the pinch came. Wilson was of a different type. There was none of the swashbuckler and far more of the true crusader in him; his lips set in different and more dangerous lines; his eyes blazed with a different fire;

here was all the stubbornness of the Scotch-Irishman with a Roundhead's absolute faith in the completeness of his wisdom and the infallibility of his judgment. Plainly he was not to be trifled with, and the way he went after the New Jersey corporations with his "seven-sisters" laws boded ill for big business everywhere. When the election of 1912 came Wall Street was ill at ease. Taft, its favorite, could not win; so the choice lay between the "wildness" of Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, who, as former president of one of the staidest and most conservative of universities, the very citadel of entrenched wealth, should have been safe and sane, yet was nothing of the kind. When big business men examined Mr. Wilson's speeches and his book, "The New Freedom," their hair bristled. Here was radicalism indeed. He declared that the government had been transferred from Washington to Wall Street, whither the President must go "hat in hand" for orders. He affirmed that the "strong have crushed the weak," and that therefore "the strong dominate the industry and the economic life of this country." "Our government" he asserted to be "under the control of heads of great allied corporations with special interests." Again and again he cried out: "We stand in the presence of a revolution . . . whereby America will insist upon recovering in practice those ideals which she has always professed, upon securing a government devoted to the general interests and not to special interests. We are upon the eve of a great reconstruction." Since "an invisible empire" had been "set above the forms of democracy" Mr. Wilson demanded an end to the "exploitation of the people by legal and political means," saying "the masters of the government of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States."

This was treason, and when Mr. Wilson entered the White House the severance between it and Wall Street was complete. The members of J. P. Morgan & Co. were for the first time denied admission to the President's office. So far as Mr. Wilson could make it his was a government of the people and in its interests. To him men rallied in increasing numbers, even of the disappointed bands who had followed Colonel Roosevelt to defeat with a fervent personal idolatry and a religious enthusiasm unsurpassed in our history. Mr. Wilson's followers were actuated less by adoration of him than by admiration for his ideals; yet there were plenty to give him a personal devotion and loyalty such as men are capable of but once in their lives. This kept up even though a change rapidly came over the President. As Governor of New Jersey he had sat in an office where all might see him and approach; in the White House he became less and less accessible. What was probably an unconquerable shyness was coupled with much intellectual pride and relentless bitterness toward all who disagreed. No friendship could survive long when the other party to it criticized the President. It became more and more his habit to work alone. Thus it came about that when the Lusitania was sunk, the note that satisfied the country yet kept it calm was written in his closet without personal contact with any members of his Cabinet until it was read to them for their approval only—not for their criticism or advice. In this it resembled many another state paper.

Progress there was. The federal-reserve system came in time to take up the shock of the outbreak of the war;

a system of rural credits was established; there was a real tariff revision downward; a beginning was made of a most hopeful series of arbitration treaties. The whole atmosphere of the government changed for the better. Then came the catastrophe of catastrophes, cutting squarely across the pathway to domestic reform, to end Mr. Wilson's "bloodless revolution." His first steps after the war clouds broke were all good; he commanded for the country a neutrality in thought and deed which he himself at first lived up to. His unusual executive talents were at their best. But the old spell was broken. Declining Mr. Bryan's God-given suggestion for an organization of the neutral countries headed by the United States, to compel respect for neutral rights and then to compel peace, Mr. Wilson gradually violated his own precepts for American neutrality. The powerful note to Great Britain in protest against the seizure of American ships on the high seas—the Solicitor of the State Department declaring publicly at this time that "there was not a canon of international law which England had not violated," a statement now admitted by Englishmen—lay upon Mr. Wilson's desk from May, 1915, until November, finally to be sent so emasculated that its author in the State Department could hardly have recognized it. As Mr. Tumulty finally confessed in his book, the scales were no longer held even. Yet when seeking reelection, Mr. Wilson eagerly benefited by the slogan "he kept us out of war," only to violate later this implicit pact with his people.

On January 22, 1917, Mr. Wilson rose to the highest point of his often extraordinary intuition and of his statesmanship. Then he gave utterance to words of profoundest wisdom, acclaimed at the time by almost the entire press of the country—these words that have been justified ten thousand times over by every event since the treaty of peace:

It must be a peace without victory. It is not pleasant to say this. . . . I am seeking only to face realities and to face them without soft concealment. Victory would mean peace forced upon the losers, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest not permanently, but only as upon quicksand. Only a peace between equals can last.

The crimes of Versailles, the collapsing treaty which has made that name infamous, attest the profound and perpetual truth of these words. There is no prophecy in history so justified by the event, so marvelous in its tragic fulfillment.

Three months later the breach of faith was complete. America entered the war. Wilson, the champion of democracy, struck it one of the deadliest blows received since the theory of democracy was conceived. That fatal day every reform for which Mr. Wilson had contended lay prostrate. For the first time he found himself congratulated by Henry Cabot Lodge, warmly indorsed and visited by Theodore Roosevelt, for whom there was in his heart the bitterest hate. He was acclaimed with joy by every munition-maker, every war profiteer, every agent of big business, all the evil forces against which he had fought for the "new freedom." To the partners of J. P. Morgan & Co. the White House doors now swung wide open. Positions of the highest responsibility were given to them; they were among his most trusted advisers at Paris. When the war ended the control of the government by big business and the war profiteers was complete—the gift of Woodrow Wilson himself.

What it was that won Mr. Wilson over to the war is not yet clear. It is the great unsolved mystery of his career. Whether it was due to the desire he cherished from 1914 on to be the arbiter and dominator of the peace, whether it was a yielding to the pressure of those who deemed the millions they had invested in Allied securities doomed unless the Allies won, whether an emotional desire to save the Allies from defeat, or sincere belief that no other way remained, is yet to be revealed. In any case Woodrow Wilson sinned against the very ark of the American covenant. Not a civic right of the American but was trampled upon with Mr. Wilson's knowledge and consent. The suppression of free thought and free speech, the terrorization of great masses of loyal Americans, the fettering of the press, the ruthless imprisonment of dissenters, the turning over of the destinies of the people to lawless officials and judges, the filling of the country with the bitterest diatribes of hate and Berserker rage—these Mr. Wilson neither checked nor repressed; they were "necessary acts of war time." He was unable to see that whenever and wherever liberalism links itself with war and war-madness it is liberalism which perishes. He could not perceive that he had struck down as with a dagger the causes he had held dearest. He could not, of course, for all his rare intuition, divine that he himself would be the most tragic victim of the anti-social, anti-democratic, anti-Christian forces which he had unleashed. It was the same Wall Street crowd, the same Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt, who had applauded him in April, 1917, who were the first to turn and rend him when he had done what they had wished. This they did as soon as we were once more out of the hell of the war in which we Americans made so needless and useless a sacrifice. What honest American citizen who looks upon Europe today can deny that our hundred thousand dead might as well have perished against walls in the streets of New York for all they did to end war, safeguard democracy, or destroy that militarism which today rears its head more ominously than in 1914?

Yet the Fourteen Peace Points, whether they came, as alleged, from the pen of Walter Lippmann, or from Mr. Wilson's own, lifted the spirits of men; it seemed, if they could be achieved, that a new charter of liberty, a new world order would be mankind's. Mr. Wilson went to Europe exalted on high; he was the Messiah. And if only he could have met his supreme test he would rank today in the minds of men next after Jesus of Nazareth. The kneeling, praying masses before whom he passed, prayed and kneeled in vain. It was to Orlando, to Foch and Clemenceau, to Lloyd George, in whom the good and evil demons struggled hourly for control, that the victory went. Hate, revenge, and brutal force, the lust and avarice of the conquerors prevailed. It was indeed "a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished," "accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice," with the result that today the next great war looms upon the horizon. To Paris Mr. Wilson went unprepared, ignorant, by his own confession, of the secret treaties widely published in the United States ten months before his departure, which were the key to all the Allied acts from the day the war began. They were the explanation of the Allies' motives and the charter of the real aims so skilfully hidden behind altruistic assertions that the Allies were the anointed of God and their cause entirely unselfish and righteous. So Mr. Wilson was not on guard in Paris against aims as self-seeking and

as godless as those of the enemies he had defeated in the war. Nor was he able to cope with what then confronted him. The evil habit of compromise, which came upon him in the White House, as on many another, making him accept doctrines which he had previously declared that he never, never would, beset him here. His personal weaknesses, like his compromises, fell upon him and disarmed him; his very taking counsel of himself became part of his undoing. But above all it was foreordained that the truth that good shall not come out of the evil of war should remain beyond challenge wherever men walk.

Upon these things will the historians of the future pass, each according to his bias and to his interpretation of state papers now sealed, documents now hidden, events yet to take place. Philosophers will always wrangle as to whether that man's offense is worse who deliberately destroys the rights and liberties of a people or the crime of

him who exalts the spirits of men by a glorious vision of a new and inspired day, only to let the uplifted sink back, utterly disheartened and disillusioned, into the darkest slough of despond. As to the merits and demerits of Woodrow Wilson books will be written to the end of time. Those who worship him will continue to keep eyes and ears closed to facts they do not wish to hear; those whose very souls he outraged and betrayed will judge as through a glass darkly. But one fact no one can deny: Aspiring to the stars he crashed to earth, leaving behind him no emancipation of humanity, no assuaging of its wounds, only a world wracked, embittered, more full of hatreds, more ready to tear itself to pieces today than when he essayed the heavens. The moral of his fall is as immutable as the hills, as shining as the planets. If humanity will perceive and acknowledge it that will be Woodrow Wilson's priceless legacy to the world he tried to serve so greatly.

O. G. V.

The Political Deeps Breaking Up

WHAT Woodrow Wilson called the "invisible empire . . . set up above the forms of democracy" is being unveiled in Washington. We are at last permitted to see what has been going on underneath, just as in Germany government by Hugo Stinnes and his piratical associates has boldly come out into the open, negotiates with sovereign France, and rules beside or in front of the government of Ebert and Dr. Marx. Like lightning out of a clear sky the revelations have burned upon the consciousness of the people things ordinarily hidden as by the darkness of the night. The bolt has seared and burned and destroyed. Men's reputations have withered overnight. The press reports that the politicians of both parties are in a funk, that "no such panic has been known in Washington since the Civil War." Even one of the most conservative news agencies now admits what it would not two weeks ago—that Mr. Coolidge's candidacy has been fatally injured and that an irresistible demand is likely to come up from the country for candidates entirely unaffiliated with Washington and its political stews. The friends of the President still hope that by vigorous action he may make clear his independence and let all the blame rest upon President Harding. It is too late. Whatever Mr. Coolidge's own record the mere fact that he sat in the Harding Cabinet while such things as the sale of these oil leases were under discussion is enough to make his candidacy impossible. Only the Progressives are unmoved—their record is clean.

What has come out so far? Among the Republicans Secretary Fall accepted "loans" of \$125,000 from Messrs. Sinclair and Doheny at the time when he was secretly giving them the navy's oil reserves, and then lied about it before the senatorial committee. The Secretary of the Navy was a party to the transaction from the beginning, not, apparently, from corrupt motives, but because he was too stupid and ignorant to understand what it was all about; his Assistant Secretary, Mr. Roosevelt, helped to transfer the oil reserves to Mr. Fall's department and personally took the order to Mr. Harding for his signature. The Attorney General, Mr. Daugherty, knew all and did nothing. Among the Democrats Mr. Lane, ex-Secretary of the Interior; Mr. McAdoo, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and the former Attorney General, Mr. Gregory, all upon

retiring from office accepted retainers from Mr. Doheny or his companies, which were in large measure offered because of his belief that these gentlemen would have influence with the Administration from which they had just retired. George Creel, the official publicity director and apologist for the Wilson Administration, fell over himself to take \$5,000 in an oil transaction as the price of his influence with Mr. Daniels. This, of course, is nothing new; it is all part of the easy political morality of Washington. But a keen ethical sense, the kind of ethical sense the American people have a right to expect of their highest government officials, would certainly lead a man to refuse to accept money for using his personal influence with his former associates in office, as did Mr. McAdoo when he accepted Mr. Doheny's retainer.

Now conservative circles are frankly saying that the worst feature of these revelations is that they will increase radicalism in the country. These wiseacres are not hanging their heads with shame that corruption is in the highest places; they have no words of denunciation for the bribers who were found out. We have noticed no sizzling denunciations of Messrs. Fall and Denby from the American Defense Society or the National Security League. What concerns the super-patriots of this type is only the thought that the radicals may gain strength by these revelations.

If American citizens sit supinely and permit themselves to be robbed in this way, they are certainly beyond help. If they wish merely to leap again from the Republican frying-pan into the Democratic fire they will richly deserve their fate. It is the hour for a new party. Yes, the revelations will increase the radicalism of the country, if by that is meant that they will increase popular dissatisfaction with the organized system of political plundering in Washington. Mr. Wilson asked the public in 1917 this question: "Don't you know that some man with eloquent tongue, without conscience, who did not care for the nation, could put this whole nation into flame?" This country needs today more than anything else some man with eloquent tongue, *with conscience*, to put the whole nation into flame, to wipe out both the rotten, crooked, and meaningless old parties, and make room for a new alignment like that in England, where the issue is now clear and sharp.

The Triumph of Lenin

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

FEW men in our time have lived so fortunately and died so triumphantly as Lenin. No man in all history has been so widely and so affectionately mourned.

For never till modern times have conditions existed in which one man could touch so intimately the lives of tens of millions. To the peasants of the greatest stretch of farming country on earth he is known as the ruler who gave them at last their land. To the city workers of Russia he is the comrade who gave them dominion over government and industry. To the patriots within the borders of Russia, even old Czarist generals and anti-communist professors who have suffered the loss of property and the pangs of hunger, he is none the less the strategist who brought their country through wars which the whole world launched against them, and laid the foundations of national greatness on which they are now building in peace. And to tens of millions of plain people, outside of Russia, in every land of earth, he is the prophet of a new era in history.

Down in the famine area I have heard peasants cursing the local authorities corruptly administering taxes. But they have ended: "We will send to Moscow about it. Our Ilyich [Lenin] is a good man." I have heard discussions among country people about sins of Communists and the human frailties that made communism in their view impracticable; but often these discussions ended: "This communism our Ilyich tells about—that is truly the right way to live."

I talked in Samara to a French governess who hated all things Russian. Employed years ago by a noble family, she had been stranded in the midst of civil war and famine. She could not say enough evil about the Russians—"They are barbarous, dirty, lazy, dishonest." Then we passed into an office and she saw a photograph of Lenin. "One honest man," she said, regretfully, "but what can he do in a nation of thieves?" Even she, the most prejudiced woman I met in Russia, believed in Lenin.

From the Arctic Circle to the warm shores of the Crimea and the hot deserts of the Baku oil fields, in villages and mines and factories and children's homes, I have traveled. Only once in my two years in Russia did I meet anyone who spoke ill of Lenin. For while to the outer world he has remained the leader of upheaval, to the dwellers in Russia he has been for six years the steady preacher of order and discipline and hard work and production and punctuality and efficiency and all the other unromantic virtues whose achievement in Russia would be the height of romance.

He was the leader who never disguised mistakes, who never deluded himself or his followers with optimism.

Not once through the six years of the revolution to the end of his days did he prophesy sure success. Instead, he emphasized difficulties, dangers, shortcomings, saying coolly: "But there is a *chance* of success, if we conquer these things." In his last significant message to the Russian Communist Party Congress a year ago he warned them clearly that their progress toward socialism would be defeated unless they eliminated red tape and bureaucracy from the state machine. Such were the dull, technical details to which he gave his life, and which every pamphlet of his treated; but he handled them with such will and intelligence that they became studies in the essential building and managing of human society.

Thirty-five years ago he first planned revolution, and laid down clearly even at that time the road he would follow. His father, a successful schoolmaster and later director of schools for the province of Simbirsk, had spent his life in slow education of the peasants as the hope for Russia's freedom, only to see the schools he founded taken over by the most backward church in Christendom. His brother, impatient, had followed the path of individual terrorism with the students of his day, and been executed for an attempt on the life of Alexander III. Lenin chose a different road

to revolution—his plan involved the organization of the city workers under the leadership of professional revolutionists. For thirty years he studied and organized in prison and exile, he watched the World War prepare the way. When the time came and the old forms of Russian society collapsed utterly under the strain of war and corruption he was ready with his organization and his plan.

How much of the detailed action of those first years of Soviet power was due to previous planning, and how much was forced upon him by the necessities of war on a dozen fronts, prolonged for many years, is a matter for the historian to analyze. The nationalization of property took place to a large extent as a war measure, partly because empty properties were left abandoned, and partly as a spontaneous seizure by workingmen, which had to be regularized afterward in some way. The seizing of the peasants' food was also a measure of war, not of Socialist planning. The "terror" was an outburst after assassination and invasion had created an atmosphere of suspicion and revenge. Many things, which through those years were called bolshevism, were either the tactics of a besieged city, or the wild dreams of people shut off by a ring of iron from an outside world which they consequently were bound to misinterpret.

But step by step, through disorder and mistake and hunger and defeat, Lenin built the disciplined and organized government which carried Soviet Russia through to ulti-



A drawing from life by Nathan Altman

Lenin

mate triumph. Without him there would have been indeed a great upheaval and chaos; this outburst was created by events, not by any man. But without him there would not have been the final success of organization; there would have been a vast territory of broken peoples, each under its own dictator, all of them the playthings of international imperialism, as China is today. The Russians know that it was from this that Lenin saved them.

No man could have chosen a better time to die. If he had died in the midst of the civil war, the war might have ended otherwise. If he had died before the new economic policy was planned and carried into being, a conflict between peasants and city workers might have permanently wrecked the revolution. But he lived to carry through the purpose he held from his youth; he perfected an organization

which could continue for indefinite years after his death.

Then he died, knowing that he was loved by the people of a great nation and by millions of simple folk in all the lands of earth; knowing, as few rulers have ever known, that within his own government he had no whisper of opposition to his personality or his achievements; knowing also that he had lived through a great turning-point in history and had had the chance to play in it a directing part; and that his work, as far as a man's work may be, was finished, and sealed, and secure, and that for generations to come, past his grave under the Kremlin walls, in the great Red Square, the workers and children of free Russia would celebrate May Days and October Days in triumph.

What more could any man hope from life—or from death?

What—After All—Is “Progressivism”?

Senators, Representatives, Editors, Poets, and Private Citizens Compete in William Hard's Prize Contest

WILLIAM HARD'S offer of a lock of Senator Shipstead's hair for the best definition of “progressivism” has called forth as many answers apparently as could have been evoked by an offer of mere money. One contestant only is dissatisfied with the nature of the prize held up before him to reward his efforts.

Mr. Charles A. Darius of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, refuses “Senator Shipstead's hair” and demands “Senator Smoot's scalp.”

Mr. William Floyd of the *Arbitrator* indeed brings forward a point which all contestants have a right to have cleared up. Mr. Floyd has written Mr. Hard as follows:

The value of your prize so rare,
Plucked from its deep, progressive lair,
Depends upon the power to wear.
So tell us—you'll admit it's fair—
What color is this Shipstead hair?

It is a very beautiful color—a soft brown streaked attractively with a thoughtful white. Also, it exists in profusion. The contestants are wrong who in considerable multitudes have written in to say that of course they realize that Senator Shipstead must be bald. This contest is an honest one.

Senator Shipstead has hair; and Senator Moses's Committee on Propaganda has been unable nevertheless to discover that in Mr. Hard's Prize Contest there is any element of any improper use of anybody's possessions, in trust funds or otherwise, for the purpose of manufacturing public opinion or of coercing the Senate. Senators and newspaper editors agree that Mr. Hard has found a way of conducting a contest for a prize of great historic value without exposing himself to the charge of trying to convert anybody to anything by bribery and corruption.

The *Baltimore Evening Sun*, it is true, makes short work of it by saying that Mr. Hard's curiosity and confusion of mind regarding progressivism is due precisely to his looking for definitions instead of looking at the actual behavior of progressives in real life. That behavior, according to the *Sun*, can be described thus:

Here is a railroad. Things aren't going right with it.

It has capable and intelligent managers and it serves a rich and valuable territory. But it doesn't do what it ought to do. What remedy does the progressive prescribe? He prescribes a law.

Here is a section of the country—rich, fertile, peopled by industrious and progressive farmers. Something happens and the farmers all go broke. Call in a progressive and what does he prescribe? He prescribes, invariably, a law.

Here is the shipping industry. It isn't doing what it ought to do. Cargoes are scarce, wrecks are frequent, insurance is high, and operation shows a deficit instead of a profit. What to do? Consult a progressive, and the answer is inevitable. There ought to be a law.

The progressive, in brief, is a man who believes that there is some magic in government which enables commonplace men to do something through its agency that they cannot do without it.

Meanwhile, however, the *San Jose News* follows a different trail to a different water-hole, thus:

Our reply to Mr. Hard is that the conservatives in general represent big business and that the progressives in general represent little business. Little business shades off into big business on the one hand and into labor on the other in such a vague and indefinite fashion that it is inevitable that progressives are divided in their counsels. Progressivism inevitably has here and there a tinge of stand-pattism just as it has inevitably here and there a tinge of socialism. Progressivism is constantly shifting and wabbling. Nevertheless this newspaper is avowedly progressive and proud of it. We are prepared to indorse neither extreme communism nor extreme corporationism. We prefer to fumble along, trying to salvage some of the old pioneer Western American qualities of courage and independence, being illogical, inconsistent, and full of fight.

The contestants who have answered by mail are as individual and as determined as the two editors of these two widely separated newspapers. Naturally it is physically impossible to print more than a tiny proportion of the number of answers received, and it is impossible equally to print more than excerpts from most of those few. However, from time to time, as the contest proceeds, we shall print such answers—and such excerpts from answers—as Mr. Hard, on chance or on merit, happens to send to us.

This week Mr. Hard, out of the first flight of answers arriving during the first few days of the contest, has sent us the following:

MR. HAPGOOD LEADS OFF

It is not devices but purposes that distinguish the progressive or liberal from the conservative. He whose purpose is honestly to seek a wider diffusion of power, political, economic, and social, is a liberal. He who instinctively resists all proposals aimed at this wider diffusion is a conservative.

Norman Hapgood

HORSE SENSE AND LANGUAGE FROM THE WEST

A progressive is a person who wants to do the greatest good for the greatest number all the time, and he keeps the pulling collar filled with his shoulders and the traces taut. A conservative is one who seeks class advantage and who backs into the breeching along the road of life.

B. S. Rodey, Albuquerque, New Mexico

AS SEEN FROM WASHINGTON

Progressivism is a status of the ego in which a statesman mirrors himself as the sole anointed to lead his flock where others do not take them.

Elisha Hanson, Washington, D. C.

ANOTHER VIEW FROM WASHINGTON

A progressive is a Republican who thinks his district is going Democratic.

Henry T. Rainey,

Democratic Representative from the
20th Illinois Congressional District

OFFICIAL!

FROM THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE "PROGRESSIVE GROUP"
HIMSELF

What is a progressive? Looking within, listening to my progressive associates in Congress day by day, and thinking over the long political life of such a leader as La Follette, it seems to me that a true progressive is one who seeks to approximate in politics the moral code. By that I mean, broadly speaking, that in legislation he looks for righteousness. And what is right is the only direct way to what is good. He seeks the light of truth in principles and in facts, facts, facts, everywhere; and, above all (or, rather, as the fruitage of seeking the right in the light of truth), there comes into his heart a fiery zeal for service to his fellow-men. This naturally leads him to abhor and to fight special interest or privilege, to detest hypocrisy and sham, and to despise selfishness and greed in public life. Being only human, with all the frailties of the race, he finds it very difficult always to see clearly and to apply practically his ideal (reflected for all time in the great principles—justice, wisdom, and love); so he becomes broadly liberal in his personal relations with all classes of men, especially in the humbler walks of life, believing that the tyrant of all tyrants is intolerance. He speaks of himself as progressive because he realizes that life means action, endeavor, progress, and that reaction always ends in individual or national death.

John M. Nelson,

Republican Representative from the Wisconsin 3rd
Congressional District and leader of the House
"Progressive Group" of both parties.

A DROP OF ACID FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE

Progressivism, as a principle of American political philosophy, means the seeking of special privilege for groups and classes at national expense and the enforcement of special prohibitions through the agency of the national government; distinguished from conservatism, which means the preservation of the rights of the indi-

vidual to equality in opportunity, in liberty, and in working out his own salvation according to his intelligence and his conscience.

Progressivism as a present political phenomenon is the composite blur of the mental disturbances of those all dressed up with no place to go, and of those who do not know where they are going but are on their way.

Richard D. Ware, Amherst, New Hampshire

ILLINOIS SPEAKS AGAIN

Progressivism is that principle of political conduct which holds that, from time to time, laws should be framed and institutions molded so as to be adjusted to meet the requirements created by changed conditions, in order that the greatest amount of happiness and prosperity, both present and future, may be enjoyed by the largest number of persons.

Henry R. Rathbone,

Republican Representative at Large in
the 68th Congress from all of Illinois

WITH APOLOGIES TO HERBERT SPENCER

Progressivism is an integration of humanity and a dissipation of riches, during which the people rise from an indefinite incoherent heterogeneity to a definite coherent homogeneity and during which the retained capital undergoes a parallel transformation.

Archibald Craig, Jersey City, New Jersey

SOMEWHAT MORE PSYCHOLOGICAL

Three qualities are essential to the progressive.

To begin with there is tolerance. People who cannot see the other person's point of view are in no sense progressive, since in a larger way they thus fail to see the general currents and tendencies of a given epoch.

Another essential quality of the progressive is mental flexibility. Life is forever changing, and in order to be a progressive one must be able to follow life.

And that brings us to the most essential quality of the progressive. It is vision. People without vision can only see their own narrow pet ideas and so-called principles and the immediate present, which is altogether fatal to progressivism.

Beatrice S. Greenberg, Boston, Massachusetts

SUSPICIOUS, BUT COMES THROUGH

You, William Hard, are so much of a spoofer that I hardly feel sure you are not kidding us in this invitation, but I guess you are in earnest. I'll bite anyway; and if a considerable proportion of your *Nation* readers do, your scheme should in some measure answer the purpose of a Progressive National Convention. So here is the idea of a dirt farmer, a western New York grape grower.

The "clearly-defined distinction between a progressive party and the older parties already existing" should appear in a platform which emphatically recognizes the control of the old parties by big business. This is the outstanding issue.

We should be looking forward both to the time when in the United States the primary purpose of industry generally will be the freest possible production and distribution of the necessities and comforts of life for the many instead of the production of dividends for the few. The progressive surely knows that the existing system of industry must remain until a better one is ready to replace it and that the replacement must be gradual. If he is really awake, he knows that this radical change has already been brought about on a tremendous scale and with great success in Europe through the cooperative movement.

Frank R. Rosseel,

Rosseel's Vineyard, Church Road, Eden Village, N. Y.

SENATOR McCORMICK'S PLEA

We ought to strive resolutely, intelligently, and considerably for orderly and ordered progress. We ought to strive to enact laws and so to administer them that in ever greater degree economic and social justice may be done every man, woman, and child in this land. You have only to read the Declaration of Independence to realize that the Fathers of the Republic believed that it was better to endure, and patiently labor to redress, wrongs rather than to have recourse to violence and revolution. In these days who shall say who is a conservative or a progressive? And who shall distinguish between the industrial, financial, and agrarian radical and conservative? Those of us who believe in political progress, in social justice, and sound economics ought to think a little more upon the modern history of society, ought to be more mutually tolerant, and ought more eagerly and more open-mindedly to seek to learn from one another.

Medill McCormick,

Member of Republican Steering Committee of the United States Senate

TOO MANY PTOLEMAISTS

No doubt progressivism should progress toward something. But toward what? Conservatism too should conserve something. But, again, what? The official progressives have no common thought except perhaps a vague notion that economics may possibly have a bit of heft that should be considered in legislation.

The difficulty, as I see it, is that our political astronomers are all Ptolemaists. They are tangled in a system of cycles and epicycles by which some problems may be solved after a fashion, but which is utterly and totally inadequate to do the job which must be done now. In this day of grace we need a political Copernicus to give us the key to the practical complexities of economics, psychology, and spiritual living.

Do you see him any place in the offing? I do not.

George A. Briggs, Los Angeles, California

ANOTHER CALL FOR COPERNICUS

A progressive is one who knows what human nature is under unjust social conditions and strives to improve those conditions so that human nature may express itself in an ideal human brotherhood.

Henry C. Lippincott, Woodstown, New Jersey

EVERYBODY SLIGHTLY MIXED

No one is wholly progressive or conservative; and this is aptly illustrated by William Hard, a most unusual correspondent, in comparing his articles published in the *Nation* with those published in the *Chicago Daily News*, as to degree of progressivity.

Fundamentally the present condition of society is ruled to too great a degree by competition and those instincts that evolve from conditions under the general term of hate. This fundamental condition the progressive wishes to change to cooperation and to the dominance of those instincts evolved from conditions under the general term of love. So we find that the progressive wishes progress toward real democracy.

Joseph Pestal, Lamar, Colorado

MORE ACID

Progressivism is an attempt, politically, to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. After the "kill" has been made the weeping hunter—or progressivist—tries to revive the corpse of the poor animal. But it insists upon remaining dead, defying all attempts at resurrection. That corpse is orthodox republicanism.

Reuben Freedman, Chicago, Illinois

Page Dr. Coue

By H. S. STOCKTON

FOR some weeks we had been noticing in the paper that the Society of Applied Psychology met in the public library on Wednesday evening. So when an open meeting was announced we spent a dollar to have the children taken care of and went to see what it was all about.

The room was in the cellar of the library, inadequately lighted and furnished with folding chairs on which in brightly expectant attitudes sat eight or ten men and thirty or forty women with an average age of thirty-five or forty and mostly with that thin, drawn but determinedly hopeful look of half-starved dogs. The front wall above the shallow platform was covered with a huge American flag forming a background for a grand piano and a small deal table. Behind the table sat a lean, artificially colored lady, her mouth a thin red line of courage—or was it obstinacy? Beside her sat a severe lady in black with horn-rimmed glasses and white collar and cuffs who toyed with a long book with a black cover. Lounging about in attitudes meant to betoken ease and self-confidence was a gentleman in correct black clothes, black hair, curly black mustache, and with a red rose in his button hole.

The thin red line of the chairwoman parted sufficiently to emit muffled sounds to the effect that the meeting was open. The gentleman with the button-hole bouquet advanced toward the front rows with a confident smile and shouted in a hearty voice:

"How do we all feel this evening?"

To which the answer came back in startling unison:

"Fine and dandy and getting better every day!"

"Very good," said the gentleman in black.

It seemed evident that this gentleman was the Applier for the Society of Applied Psychology, for he proceeded to say in engaging tones:

"You know you can't be a psychologist without relaxin' to get in tune with the universe. Most folks don't relax because they can't concentrate on the part they want to relax. We aren't conscious of the parts of our body and have to concentrate to relax 'em. Now we'll relax from the tops of our heads to the tips of our toes. I want you to relax by concentratin' your attention on the part of your body as I name it and relaxin'. Are you ready?"

All bent forward as if in prayer and shut their eyes.

"The top of your head—relax.

Very good.

Your mouth and ears—relax.

Very good.

Your chin and neck—relax.

Very good.

Your right arm and shoulder—relax.

Your left arm and shoulder—relax.

Very good.

Your hands and fingers—relax.

Your chest and back—relax.

Very good.

Your hips and thighs—relax.

Your knees and legs—relax.

Very good.

Your feet and toes—relax."

(A pause—"VERY GOOD—Very good.")

"Now you know they say you can't be a deep thinker unless you are a deep breather so we will take a breathin' exercise. We'll all have to stand up for this (everybody got up). Take a deep breath and count."

Everybody took a deep breath hissingly and counted in unison—1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14 (some of them began to come up for air but they valiantly continued counting anyhow) 15-16-17-18-19-20. The last number was shouted by a large lady in the back row who seemed quite proud of her ability to hold her breath and count longer than anybody else. Whereupon the Applier seemed pleased and said:

"Very good—Very good."

"Next to relaxin' the most important thing for a psychologist is concentration. We should all learn t' concentrate, and I want somebody to give us a constructive word to concentrate on and while we're concentratin' we'll have a little soft music to help us."

Someone suggested "harmony."

"'Harmony' has been suggested as a constructive word to concentrate on. Very good—very good. We will concentrate on 'harmony.'" He put his hand over his brow in thought and the members of the Society of Applied Psychology did likewise while a lady in a large hat with a feather went to the piano and played soft music, her feather keeping time with her hands and feet.

All breathed hard while they concentrated on the con-

structive word "harmony" and the soft music went on.

The music stopped. The Applier lifted his hand from his brow with an effort.

"Very good," he said.

By that time my wife said if she didn't get out in the air she would undoubtedly scream, so we left. She said she felt sorry for them, they looked so starved and hopeful, but what hurt her worse than anything else was to know that such people had a vote.

I think I got something out of the meeting. I know now why Christianity was so successful at the break-up of the Roman Empire. The vast majority of the people of that day were just such mentally and physically starved and just such empty-souled, hopeless specimens. To have a hope and to live for something outside of themselves offered a new world and new life; these people were seeking the same thing and not finding it in present-day Christianity. How are you going to reach them with new ideas? They are seeking for something and, not finding it, are swayed by every passing gust of fancy or every hope held out by every well-meaning fool. You cannot get them by reason, statistics, or a constructive program. A "constructive word" is about their limit and their minds are excrecences on their emotional complexes. What are you going to do with such people—breed them out of the world by restrictive eugenics or give them something to live for?

The Republican Party—A Stricken Mob

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE Republican Party seems to be suffering from a violent attack of panic in the legislative branch, complicated by an almost equally violent attack of obstinacy in the executive branch. Both ailments go back to the same cause. They go back to the present modernistic decline and decay and, one might almost say, demise of effective party organization.

This situation indeed exists almost equally in both parties. In 1920, when the Democrats were getting pounded, and when President Wilson had fallen ill and was unable to take the field against his accusers, there was no Democratic party organization effective enough to present a really coherent and coordinated defense to the Republican attack. Today, even with a President who is well and who is alert, the Republicans, finding themselves similarly exposed to fire, behave similarly like a stricken mob.

The legislative part of the mob is for the most part engaged simply in running for its life while the Democrats bombard it with charges about the naval oil reserves, about the Veterans' Bureau, about the prohibition-enforcement service, and about other administrative functions and activities which the Republicans are accused of perverting to private property. Meanwhile the executive part of the mob, in the various departments and bureaus, where a secure separation from the electorate produces a haughty scorn for "politics," puts its head into the bureaucratic sand and discards both the ignominy of flight and the shame of any concession to popular opinion, and awaits the kick of doom with its tail held high in air.

The Treasury Department, for instance, insists upon

it that the Republican taxation bill in Congress must reduce the top surtax from 50 per cent all the way down to 25. This drop, the Treasury Department magnificently unpolitically argues, is demanded by economic industrial considerations. Therefore, according to the Treasury Department, it must be put into the bill. If no miracle of conversion, if no heavenly stream of enlightenment, is granted to the Congress, this unpolitical, economic, industrial, austere idea will be congressionally smashed. Nicholas Longworth, floor leader of the Republicans in the House of Representatives, and William Raymond Green, chairman of the House committee dealing with taxes, have both of them explained to the executive branch its virtually inevitable approaching humiliation in the final tax-bill vote on Capitol Hill. The executive branch, however, is permeated with the idea that even if it is defeated in Congress it can go to the country on a platform demanding Mr. Mellon's full and unabridged reduction of taxes for the higher taxpayers and can get sweepingly returned to office.

The flaw in this reasoning, to the mere political mind, is that such an appeal to the country would be made by a divided party—a party only half willing to go along and accordingly fully half willing to turn and flee. The Mellon taxation-reduction plan, irrespective of its economic merits, has diminished the political fighting power of the Republican Party because a certain considerable proportion of the total number of regular Republican congressmen are not convinced by it in its full and unabridged form and cannot valiantly and effectively fight for it in that form.

Yet the executive branch insists upon that form with

no dimple or freckle of it removed. In former days, when the Republican Party was a party and not a chance encounter of miscellaneous passengers proceeding to different destinations in the same cruising omnibus, it was not infrequently possible to weld the opinions of legislative Republicans and of executive Republicans into one sword. Now, increasingly, there is no party sword and every political personage has his own little bowie-knife.

He accordingly, if he is a Senator or a Representative, having never received any tribute of consideration from the Treasury Department in the initiating of taxation schemes, or from the State Department in the originating of foreign policies, or from the Interior Department in the adopting of new anti-conservation decisions, or from the Navy Department in the unauthorized alienating of conserved naval oil for administratively invented long lines of steel storage tanks, is at any moment ready to desert them when they fall into popular criticism and disrepute.

A certain defense of the leases of naval oil reserves to Mr. Doheny and to Mr. Sinclair is possible. The Republican Party in Congress did not make that defense. Stunned by revelations of improprieties, ignorant of Interior Department and Navy Department policies and performances, sundered from the executive branch both by the old inherent haughtiness of that branch and by the new absence of authoritative cohesive party organization, the Republicans in Congress, without information, without guidance, without morale, broke and ran. A few individual heroes, Nicholas Longworth conspicuously among them, were seen at least shaking their fists and hurling curses of "You too" and "You're another" at the Democrats as the rout rolled across the legislative landscape. These few maledictions were the bulk of the Republican defense. Except for them the debates in the national legislature on the naval oil-reserve leases produced few sounds except the firing of the Democratic guns and the gasping of Republicans running for funk-holes.

At the same time in the executive branch the retention of Secretary Denby at the head of the Navy Department continued to be thought desirable. The Republican Party in the executive branch continued to shelter Mr. Denby. The Republican Party in the legislative branch left him argumentatively naked to his enemies. There was one attitude toward him in the party at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue. There was another attitude toward him in the same party at the other end of the avenue.

Unless mitigated and replaced by some restoration of party discipline, these conditions portend a near day when the party in opposition will always find it easy to get into power and, having gained power, will find it almost impossible to keep it.

In the Driftway

WHEN Woodrow Wilson was Governor of New Jersey he was quoted as saying that experts are generally fakers. He had learned this, he said, in Princeton University. A good school, no doubt, in which to come by such wisdom; but there are others. It was in others that the Drifter long since reached a similar conclusion. It is pathetic how many men and women there are who can talk or act intelligently in regard to nearly every subject except the one in which their own pretensions or the flattery of ill-

advised friends has set them up as experts. There are numerous clergymen who are delightful conversationalists on sport or literature, but are insufferable coxcombs when they launch upon theology; there are plenty of soldiers whose opinions on politics or painting are entertaining but whose ideas on war give one a stomach-ache.

* * * * *

NOT that the Drifter would deny the value of expertism in technique. He would rather be operated on for appendicitis by a man with some reputation as a surgical expert than by a tinsmith; if he had the construction of a suspension bridge over the Mississippi River he would call in an engineer in preference to a deep-sea diver or even a hangman. In the field of technique expertism is only another word for craftsmanship, something for which the Drifter has the highest respect and reverence in the world. It is not in the creation or the doing of something that the Drifter resents expertism, but in the appraisal of it. The job is up to the craftsman, but the finished product is up to the public. It is not for the artisan or the artist to judge his work or that of his fellow-craftsman. Its acceptance or rejection is the privilege of the community which supplies his bread and butter.

* * * * *

WHEN the Drifter comes into the ownership of a great metropolitan daily, say the *New York Evening Post* (everybody else has owned it, so why not the Drifter?), he will get to his office at 9 a.m. on the first day of possession and at 9:01 he will issue an order decapitating all the critics and experts in the shop. He gives them fair warning herewith. On second thought, he makes two reservations: (1) He will not get to the office at 9 a.m. (2) He will not decapitate the critics and experts. The Drifter imagines that about the time he becomes the owner of a great metropolitan daily he will conclude that 11 or 12 o'clock is plenty early enough to get to office. And as for the critics and experts the Drifter has, on consideration, a better scheme than to set them on the street. His scheme is this: he would send the financial editor out to write up the performance at the Metropolitan Opera House; he would pack the sporting editor off to cover the varnishing day of the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design; he would instruct the musical critic to attend the baseball series for the world's championship; he would assign the art critic to give his impression of the session of the Stock Exchange. The Drifter would impress upon them all that they were to write exactly what they saw and felt and thought. The public would learn things about both Wall Street and the National Academy of which it had never dreamed. It would get the response of an average, intelligent man to the arts and institutions which are—or ought to be—maintained for other average, intelligent men; instead of the prejudices and sophistication of the professional critic. The result would be the greatest criticism and the best reporting ever done.

* * * * *

ONLY it would be nothing of the kind. On mature reflection the Drifter realizes that the sporting editor would not give his honest, individual opinion of the pictures in the National Academy; he would write what he thought he was expected to think. And the art critic would shed no new light on Wall Street; he would get one of the old-timers to give him the "dope"—or chuck up his job.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Defense of Osteopathy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of *The Nation* for January 30, H. L. Mencken, in an attempt to be amusing, speaks of "osteopaths . . . and other quacks." This may appear a subject for persiflage, but to those of us who are practicing this specialty it is a reflection which cannot be passed over lightly.

In the dictionary definition of a quack—"a pretender to medical skill, an ignorant practitioner or empiric"—a lack of education, training, and regulation is implied. For the benefit, then, of Mr. Mencken and others who are laboring under a misapprehension regarding the status of the osteopath today, be it known that the osteopath is a licensed physician. He takes the same examination that any other doctor does before the State permits him to practice. In order to take this examination he must have been graduated from a college which is under the control of the State Board of Regents; this insures definite educational entrance requirements and definite scientific training. This course in the college is four years and is substantially the same as that of other medical colleges, with this exception, that orthodox drug therapy is omitted and osteopathic and physical therapy substituted.

The osteopath, having been trained in colleges under State supervision, takes State board examination in surgery, diagnosis, obstetrics, pathology, bacteriology, hygiene, sanitation, and allied subjects. Having, therefore, as thorough a comprehension of disease as any other doctor, it is reasonable to suppose that an osteopath can prescribe proper treatment.

This of course is a thing apart from quackery.

New York, February 1

EUGENE R. KRAUS

A Protest from Emporia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have your note in which you say "a dishonest trick" has been played by the man who wrote the advertising for the Bok award. You base this, as I understand it, upon the fact that the World Court is first mentioned in the advertising instead of the League of Nations. As a matter of fact, the plan distinctly does not provide for membership in the League of Nations. When a joint resolution of Congress provides an appropriation of money for the use of the President in naming commissioners to cooperate with the various welfare commissions of the League, and when the entrance has been made under the Hughes resolutions into the World Court, and further, when a committee for codification and development of international law has been appointed with American participation, every positive provision of award No. 1469 of the American Peace Award will have been accomplished as I see it.

The clauses referring to entrance into the League of Nations are negative clauses, providing specifically that entrance shall be denied until all articles establishing the use of any kind of force have been abrogated by the League.

This being the case, it seems to me there was no moral turpitude in making the order of the advertising read "World Court, cooperation with the League, and international law commission." I am a subscriber to *The Nation*. I am quite sure your advertising, which I regard as a model of perfection, does not emphasize the fact that sometimes you are a mean and inconsistent pacifist. It puts forth all the good things that you stand for in their best form and order, and when I run across an editorial like The Great Bok Humbug I don't feel I have been cheated by the advertising of *The Nation* which lured me as a subscriber; but I feel this is a free country and if you have that idea about the Bok Peace Prize there's no reason why you shouldn't utter it and no reason why I should com-

plain your advertising was misleading. Even though I think your editorial was unfair.

After all, in this world, I think we go further and happier if we assume a certain amount of honesty in our fellows and don't read ulterior and impossible motives into the conduct of either our friends or our enemies.

Emporia, Kansas, January 15 WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

[When Mr. White admits that the summary of the prize plan printed on the ballots was "advertising," i.e., designed to win votes rather than to give an unbiased and impartial summary, he seems to us to justify our criticism. And when he says that "the clauses referring to entrance into the League of Nations are negative clauses," he leads one to fear that he has read the "advertising" rather than the plan itself.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The Bok Plan and the League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I call your attention to a significant indication that a vote in favor of the Bok peace plan is a vote in favor of the League of Nations. Those students at Harvard who voted Yes in the recent referendum are receiving the following invitation from the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association:

The Bok peace plan has received the support of the university by an overwhelming majority. Inasmuch as you were one of those who voted for the plan, will you not help put the plan through by joining the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, which heartily indorses this plan and through which you may lend your support to the project.

I submit that this appeal is excellent follow up work.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, January 28

A. G. H.

Magnus Johnson on the Army

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on Prussianism in Our Army, describing the treatment of Captain Paxton Hibben, hits the nail on the head in regard to the situation of our army—or perhaps any other army, for that matter.

It is an outrage that Captain Hibben should be treated so shamefully simply because he has had the courage to come back here and state the facts as he found them in regard to Russia. But if I am any judge, it will not be long till Captain Hibben's position will be fully vindicated. The important thing now is to prevent him from being deprived of his commission in the army.

Washington, D. C., January 21

MAGNUS JOHNSON

Contributors to This Issue

SCUDDER MIDDLETON is the author of two volumes of poetry, "Sheets and Faces" (now out of print) and "The New Day" (1919, Macmillan). He was born in New York City where he still makes his home.

CHARLES MERZ is a journalist of note, formerly on the staff of the *New Republic* and the *New York World*.

KIMBALL YOUNG, who is now at the University of Oregon, was formerly professor of psychology at Clark University.

HUGH LOFTING, creator of Doctor Dolittle, has been lecturing in this country on internationalism and the education of children.

H. W. NEVINSON, a British writer and press correspondent of many years' experience, is the author of a new volume of personal experience, "Changes and Chances."

CHARLES J. FINGER is the editor of *All's Well*.

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International Relations Section

"To Laboring Humanity"

AT the funeral ceremonies when the body of Nikolai Lenin was laid in the tomb the following declaration from the Federal Soviet Congress, addressed "to laboring humanity," was read aloud to the thousands of listening mourners:

We are burying Lenin. The genius of the workers' revolution has gone from us. His great sagacity and will to action are dead. Hundreds of millions, peasants and colonial slaves, mourn the death of the powerful leader. Laboring Russia, which he united through all dangers in the victorious struggle, in hundreds and thousands are crowding to his final resting-place.

From the whole world swells a wave of lamentation, mourning, and sorrow. His enemies, against whom he waged the struggle of a flaming revolutionary, unwillingly lower their flags. All recognize that a bright star of humanity is eclipsed. From his grave Lenin rises before the world in gigantic stature. On the threshold of a new epoch he will stand for centuries as a grandiose figure. For Lenin was, and will remain even after his physical death, the lord of a new humanity, its herald, prophet, and creator.

Through the centuries human attempts to win freedom from persecution, slavery, and oppression have followed one another. For the first time in world history the oppressed classes came forth into the arena of struggle and conquered. They were the first to clothe their victory in the armor of the proletarian dictatorship. They were the first proletariat of the cities, poor peasants and downtrodden slaves of the old imperial colonies, to take the mastery of the new life and direction of their historical destiny into their own hands. For the first time in human history these laboring masses realize their own strength.

Yes, they can conquer. Yes, they can gild, and are gilding, the kingdom of labor, of which the best and brightest spirits of humanity have dreamed. The peoples of Asia, enslaved for centuries, have hailed the father of this new humanity. The revolutionary proletariat of Europe and America, the greatest civilized continents of our world, recognizes Lenin as its beloved and brilliant leader. And in this wonderful unity, this universal alliance of all the oppressed, all the enslaved, all the producers, lies the guaranty of victory over capital, that devilish obstacle to general progress.

Lenin was an unquenchable volcano of revolutionary energy, from which spouted the whole sea of underground revolutionary lava. But possessing all that was best of the old culture, he took in his hands the mighty weapon of the Marxist theory, he the man of storm and thunder, and led the potent, scattered masses to the granite shore of revolutionary accomplishment.

His vision was colossal, his intelligence in organizing the masses was beyond belief. He was the greatest leader of all countries, of all times, and of all peoples. He was the lord of the new humanity, the savior of the world.

Lenin is dead. But Lenin lives in millions of hearts, lives in the great alliance of workers, peasants, and colonial slaves; he lives in the collective intelligence of the Communist Party; lives in the workers' dictatorship which he established, solid and menacing, on the boundary between Europe and Asia.

The old world is dying. Ruined, crippled, and disfigured lies Europe, the hoary mother of capitalistic civilization. For centuries European capital labored, achieving with the hands of her workers marvels of technique, living in the full daylight, enslaving millions, establishing an iron yoke upon both hemispheres of the globe. For centuries it built upon the earth its empire of cruelty and oppression, blood, slavery, and terror.

But, caught in its own net, putting its skill and technique at the service of scientific self-destruction, it caused the first

gigantic fissure in its own structure by the World War. The devilish machine of capital, shaken and tottering already, will soon fall to pieces. But today capital in Europe and the whole world still holds out; only one force, a gigantic savior, victorious, can sweep it away. That force is the laboring mass—that energetic and powerful class guiding and uniting hundreds of millions of men.

The leader of the soul of these masses was our comrade Lenin. He held the key to the spirit of all the workers and peasants. Penetrating to the depths of every human heart he stirred the consciousness, aroused the class instinct, and set the most downtrodden and oppressed on their feet. At the mighty ones of this world he flung the simple and madly daring slogan, "All power to the Soviets," and the miracle was performed.

The union of our governments is growing and waxing stronger. Toward the new life the masses—workmen, workwomen, peasant men, peasant women—are striving. More and more avidly and resolutely they are seizing upon governmental power and abolishing step by step old, decrepit, worthless things. After the bloody struggle our country stands firm on its feet and the kingdom of the workers and peasants is growing.

We have lost in Lenin the beloved captain of our vessel. That loss is irreparable because in all the world there never was such an indomitable will, such mighty energy, such radiant sympathy, as that of Lenin, who held the rudder of the state through all dangers.

Henceforth his work is on the right path. Hundreds of thousands of comrades of Vladimir Ilyich hold his mighty banner firm. The whole world is taking on a new shape.

Comrades and brothers, raise our red flag higher. Do not falter in the struggle for liberty. The working class can never lose. Already it is transfiguring the world. Proletariat of all lands, unite!

The German Unions Fight for Life

WE take from a recent issue of the *Advance* parts of a translation of an appeal received by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers from the German Wearing Apparel Workers' Union. In response to this appeal the Central Executive Board of the Amalgamated has sent the sum of \$3,000 to the German workers.

The steady and rapid sinking of the mark, and the demoralization of German economic life as a result of that, have created conditions unparalleled in the history of civilized peoples, conditions which no people can lastingly endure. . . .

The first ones to realize the true situation are the unions and their responsible officials. Their constantly growing tasks in the interests of labor have reached proportions which are entirely beyond their strength. Volumes could be filled by an attempt to give a general outline of conditions in the labor movement. We shall confine ourselves to a brief statement of conditions in our own wearing-apparel industry, represented by our organization embracing a membership of about 150,000. This organization includes men's and women's tailoring, young men's and boys' clothes, rubber goods, ready-made clothes, waists, men's and women's white goods, and all kindred branches.

. . . Germany, as a highly developed industrial state, with manifold relations with the world market, is dependent in every way in its economic life upon international trade relations. Isolated from the world market, Germany cannot live. . . . In the textile and clothing industries we are entirely dependent upon foreign countries for raw materials. The fact that this demand for raw materials, such as wool, cotton, flax, silk, etc., may be met only by countries with a high rate of exchange makes con-

ditions in our industry particularly bad. Each fluctuation in the rate of exchange affects the market value of raw materials, which are within the country, and prices change automatically. Expressed in terms of dollars, the fluctuation in the rate of exchange presents the following picture:

	Marks
July, 1921	76.67
December, 1921	191.93
July, 1922	493.20
December, 1922	7,589.30
August, 1923	7,700,000.00

You may judge from this the effect on prices in the wearing-apparel industry. The purchasing power of the German people is constantly weakened and, in the end, it is not sufficient to purchase the daily necessities of life. The workers and the salaried employees, with their dependents, who constitute 80 to 85 per cent of the German population, are, as a result of this depressing state, no longer available for the German business market. Prices prevailing today are: Eighty to one hundred million marks for a suit of cloths, six to eight million marks for an ordinary shirt. That makes those goods prohibitive for the workers. That small section of the population which is still able to buy has such a large supply of clothes that it needs no more. As a result we have a business crisis, with general underemployment and unemployment. . . . In previous years it was possible by means of strenuous trade-union activities to keep wages more or less at a level with the cost of living; now lack of employment is reducing us to pauperism.

A brief statement of the changes in the scales of wages for the past year—August, 1922, to August, 1923—will give a slight idea of the tasks of our organization and its officials. On August 12, 1922, we had in the men's tailoring industry in Berlin, Frankfurt-on-Main, Hamburg, Cologne, and other large cities a maximum wage of thirty marks per hour. Since then there have been, in this one branch, under the direction of the general organization, twenty-eight wage increases. In those cities the wages are now from 400,000 to 500,000 marks per hour, an increase of fourteen thousand to sixteen thousand five hundred times.

In the men's and ladies' tailoring industry, forty-two wage increases have been effected in 250 cities. About 200 more cities, in which there were no employers' organizations, accepted the standard set by the others. Since the last negotiations, as a result of the opposition of the employers, the method of uniform adjustment of wages has been discontinued. Wages must now be determined in more than 400 places each week, locally, which is a practically impossible task for our organization. It is, therefore, impossible to determine wages on a uniform and sound basis. Increased resistance on the part of the employers will probably force the workers to a stubborn struggle.

In the men's and boys' ready-made clothing industry we added, in July, 1922, to the pre-war wage scale an increase of 1,850 per cent to meet the higher cost of living, whereas in this week, after twenty changes in the scale, the cost of living has risen to 3,904,800 per cent (or 390,481 times). The weekly wages for Berlin present the following condition:

	Marks	Marks
	Week of July 31, 1922	Week of Aug. 24, 1923
Cutters	2,214.90	26,885,090
Pressers	2,025.10	23,464,740
Tailors	1,784.80	21,763,320

This means an increase for the time workers of about 12,500 times in the course of the past year.

In the men's underwear industry the weekly wages in Berlin were:

	Marks	Marks
	Week of Aug. 12, 1922	Week of Aug. 13, 1923
Cutters	1,645.00	16,163,300.00
Tailoresses	1,063.00	10,126,350.00

The wage increase in this branch has been 10,000 times. . . .

In those branches in which wages are largely regulated weekly and locally, because of the absence of employers' organizations, we conducted in the past year about 22,000 wage-increase movements. What work that meant for the officers of the union need not be said here. Frequently a new revision became necessary before the ink on the first agreement had dried.

It may, therefore, be seen that there are no uniform wage scales in the twenty-four branches represented in our union, and the changes are likewise unequal, as the increases are lower where the organization is weaker.

We also have the task of our own financial management in view of the fluctuations in the rate of exchange. The longer this state of affairs continues the more burdened the organization becomes. As a result of this state of affairs the members are very much in arrears with their dues to the organization.

Even if the members could pay their full dues to the union, our difficulties would still be great, for it takes five or six weeks for the dues to reach the central office from the different parts of the country, and by that time the value of the money has fallen so low that it is not even enough to meet the most urgent administration expense. As a result we are now confronted by tremendous difficulties. Despite all the sacrifices made by our members, the union's ability to serve its members is endangered.

The fact that we are now, in our great distress, appealing to you for fraternal help to save the life of the union should be sufficient proof to you that our need is real.

German Students and the Jews

THE Jewish Telegraphic Agency in its *News Bulletin* for January 15, prints the following dispatch from its correspondent in Berlin:

As already reported briefly by cable, a group of Aryan student bodies, including the Berlin Waffening, the Finkenschaft, and the corporation of the High School Ring of Germanism, a section of the German students' organization "Guillemia," have proposed the following resolution for consideration by the executive of the Berlin Students' Organization and the Berlin Students' Parliament:

In order to prevent the excessive growth in numbers of the Jewish students the executive of the students' bodies is instructed to take steps to provide that in future all candidates for admission to the university should be obliged to state whether they are of German origin and whether German is their mother-tongue. They should also be obliged in all cases to state their religious belief. The German middle-class is unable at present to afford the luxury of allowing their sons to study at the universities. We must therefore be on guard that the Jews do not take advantage of the situation to swamp the German universities with an overwhelming percentage of Jewish students.

This resolution is regarded as a first step toward a *numerus clausus* agitation in Germany. Nationalist student circles declare that two-thirds of the Berlin students are organized into Aryan nationalist bodies, and that approximately the same ratio obtains in regard to the rest of the German universities.

In the event of the resolution being adopted, the next step will be to submit it to the Prussian Ministry for Education. The *Vossische Zeitung*, in reporting the resolution, draws the attention of the Minister for Education to the ordinance issued in July, 1922, declaring that there must be no discrimination against Jewish students. The *Vossische Zeitung* expresses the hope that the Minister for Education will know how to deal with the resolution when it is submitted to him, and points to the urgent necessity of nipping the *numerus clausus* agitation in the bud before it has grown to formidable proportions.

The Nation

Vol. CXVIII, No. 3058

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1924

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Midwinter Book Section

The Nation's Prize Poem for 1924

Jezebel

By SCUDDER MIDDLETON

We know she lives upon that thorny hill,
We see her lights and watch her chimneys spark—
But her we have not seen. The old wives say,
Remembering when she came, her ways were dark,
And that her only name is Jezebel.
One gray idiot tells his tale of love,
Mixing her beauty with the stars of May.

Perhaps we idly wonder if she wore
A flower in her hair, or if the beat
Of her small heels upon the sidewalk stone
Was heard at midnight through our lamplit street;
Or why it was she went away to live,
With all her perfumed satin and her lace,
In that wind-beaten, far-off place, alone.

We never wonder more of Jezebel.
We have our work to do and God is hard.
Serving the wheels or guiding straight the plow
Leaves little thought of frankincense and nard.
Yet, she is like deep waters of the Spring
Running along our minds; down at the roots,
The miracle that makes the April bough.

No man goes near that house above the town.
No man has seen her shadow on the blind,
Though through the night, till dawn, the tallow drips.
But, sometimes, when the chains of duty bind,
Because we reach too eagerly for Heaven,
Sometimes, like little bells within our sleep,
It seems we hear the music of her lips.

Then we have left what we most dearly love,
And, momentary lords of Heaven and Hell,
We have gone up through briars and the night,
And seen the secret face of Jezebel.
There, in that still confessional where she waits,
We all have had the blessing of her breast,
As over us she leaned to blow the light.

Up in that room above our godly town,
We have denied the vows we bleed to keep,
We have torn off the lying masks we wear,
And sown without the fear that we must reap.
The young, the pious, and the old alike
Have been glad penitents upon her heart—
She has absolved us by her kisses, there.

She has forgiven us and let us go,
And we have wakened in our homes again,
To hear the breathing of an earthly bride,
To watch the real world blooming on the pane.
The field, the wheel, the desk have called once more,
And we have stooped to pick the slender threads
By which we weave the patterns of our pride.

That day, we do not bargain with the sun,
Or curb our pride because one angel fell—
We are the wilful brotherhood who sing!
We bend, without a thought of Jezebel,
Above our work, no longer do we drudge;
We are, awhile, like happy, armored men
God's searching whip of anger cannot sting!

From three thousand poems submitted by fifteen hundred writers, the editors of The Nation have chosen Scudder Middleton's poem "Jezebel" for their annual poetry prize of one hundred dollars. However, they were so impressed by the distinguished workmanship and character of "A Parable of Paradise" by Genevieve Taggard that they have decided to award a second prize of fifty dollars to this poem. It will be published in next week's issue. They would like also to give honorable mention to Wilbert Snow's poem "Advice to Clam Diggers," which will appear in the issue of February 27.

Carl Van Doren

By CARL VAN DOREN

WITHOUT being clever or notably astute, Carl Van Doren has always been lucky. Ten years ago, when he set out to become a specialist in American literature, he seemed to many of his friends to be cutting off his future with an ignorant if not with a deliberate knife, much as if he were some improvident youth who had vowed, against all advice, to court Cinderella while she still huddled among her cinders. Then came the sudden prosperity of Cinderella. New poets began to step forth on every bough and sing; new novelists discovered that honesty is a good policy in their trade; new critics lifted powerful and not entirely untrained voices which were heard in circles heretofore quite innocent of such exciting sounds; even new dramatists wriggled in the womb of eternity. Commentators and interpreters being called for, Mr. Van Doren became one of them, and has ever since busily made hay under the unanticipated sun.

It may be hoped that there is some connection between his sense that he has been rather fortunate than deserving and his discreet method in criticism. So far as it is possible for a critic, he stands quietly, if not stealthily, behind his work. The shortest of the pronouns is almost the rarest of the words he uses; if he were writing about himself, he would be likely to write in the third person. Whatever noise he makes in the world he prefers to make vicariously, with the subjects of his criticism the real protagonists—his subjects, in fact, and not his victims. They are, as he sees the matter, the source and end and test of the critic art. The authors who mean enough to warrant criticism do not always reveal their meanings unmistakably. Their books have been conceived in passion and brought forth in enthusiasm, these at one period of growth and those at another, some successfully and some unsuccessfully. Public opinion concerning any given author is generally confused, based upon loose hearsay, false guesses, insufficient knowledge of his whole significance. To the problem thus arising Mr. Van Doren likes best to address himself. Intending to exercise no craft but that of sympathy, he turns the documents of his author over and over until he has found what he believes to be the central pattern. This is his chief delight in criticism: to find a pattern where none has been found before. He would probably stop here if he had his choice, but being by profession a journalist, and having so many pages to fill each week or month, he goes on to his explanation of the pattern and his incidental interpretation of the author to the general public. His business with the problem ends, he thinks, when he has made it clear to the limit of his capacity. He leaves to other-minded critics the fun of habitually pointing out what meanings, what patterns, would be better.

Confined as he has been by his specialism to the literature of one country during barely three centuries, and still further confined, for the most part, by his journalism to writers of the present century, Mr. Van Doren nevertheless surveys his field not without perspective. Euripides is the tragic dramatist, Lucretius the poet, Montaigne the essayist, Fielding the novelist, Heine the wit, Shaw the comic dramatist, Socrates and Leonardo da Vinci are the persons and the saga-writers the historians, whom this home-keep-

ing specialist and punctual journalist actually most enjoys. Yet in his criticism he seldom ventures into argument by comparison. With what must seem a kind of chameleon ardor he has managed to discuss the most varied types of Americans. A striking number of these subjects of his analysis, and those not the least diverse in aims and achievements, testify that Mr. Van Doren has come as close to their designs as any critic can decently be expected to come. He would, however, be one of the promptest to admit, what he has had enough critics to point out, that he is singularly, if not fatally, non-committal. Where are the scalps, they ask him, that should dangle bloodily at the critic's belt? Is so much impartial interpretation anything but virtually so much praise? Has the roving critic no prejudices, no principles, no causes? Is he a critic of many minds and therefore a man of none at all?

In answering these questions it is only just to turn the tables upon so reserved a critic and to look for any pattern, any ground-plan, which may underlie his movements. What first of all appears is his preference for those authors who are civilized: intelligent, skeptical, ironical, lucid. Viewing the general life of mankind, its dim history, its shifting manners, its tangled aspirations, as a thing which is, for the artist, both raw materials and fair game, Mr. Van Doren looks particularly in an author for the mind, the rational conception of existence, by which he shapes his matter. This may be a mind as detached and disciplined as George Santayana's, as impetuous and loose as Vachel Lindsay's, as speculative as Mary Austin's, as empirical as George Ade's, and Mr. Van Doren can still give it all the benefit of the philosophic doubt whether one kind of mind is absolutely better than another; but he does not really sympathize with it unless it stands definitely on the side of the reason as against superstition or mere tradition. He does not greatly trust impetuous surmises or mystical illuminations: "Civilization, after all, is but the substitution for first thoughts of second or third or hundredth thoughts, reason supplanting passion, and polity guiding anarchic instinct"; "All the tools with which mankind works upon its fate are dull, but the sharpest among them is the reason"; "At least as much good is done in the world by the devils who merely question as by the angels who merely pray; and the devils are more entertaining."

So implicit a confidence in the rational faculties of the human race might well suggest in Mr. Van Doren an exaggerated taste for the universal, the abstract, the mathematical, or the smart in literature were it not offset by his equally implicit confidence in an element which he discusses in connection with his favorite doctrine of "the fourth dimension in criticism." It is not enough, he argues, to ask about a masterpiece only "Is it good?" "Is it true?" "Is it beautiful?" There is still the unavoidable query, "Is it alive?" "The case of Socrates illustrates the whole argument. Was he good? There was so great a difference on this point among the critics of his time that the majority of them, translating their conclusions into action, put him to death as dangerous to the state. Was what he taught the truth? . . . It seems clear that he had his share of unscientific notions and individual prejudices and mistaken

doctrines. Was he beautiful? He confused Greek orthodoxy by being so uncomely and yet so great. But whatever his shortcomings in these regards, no one ever doubted that he was alive—alive in body and mind and character, alive in war and peace and friendship, alive in bed and at table. Life was concentrated in him; life spoke out of him.

"So with literature, which collects, transmutes, and utters life. It may represent the good, may speak the truth, may use the modes of beauty—any one or all of these things. Call the good the bow which lends the power; call the truth the string which fixes the direction; call the beautiful the arrow which wings and stings. But there is still the arm in which the true life of the process lies. Or to change the figure, one of those gods who in the mythologies model men out of clay may have good clay and a true purpose and may shape his figure beautifully; but there is still the indispensable task of breathing the breath of life into it before it will wake and go its own course and continue its breed to other generations. Life is obviously what makes the difference between human sculpture and divine creation; it is the same element which makes the difference between good literature and dead literature. . . . Neither creator nor critic can make himself universal by barely taking thought about it. He is what he *lives*. The measure of the creator is the amount of life he puts into his work. The measure of the critic is the amount of life he finds there."

Mr. Van Doren is of course aware that this creed of vitality can not be held to equip the critic with any idiot-proof formula for estimating works of art. Not all persons will agree upon what it is that makes a book alive, and some will find a book throbbing when others find it cold. No scheme of measurement is impartial or precise enough to determine whether Shakespeare creating Hamlet or Goethe appreciating the achievement was indubitably more or less alive than the random citizen cracking his best joke or his companions roaring at it. Criticism, however, being rarely the concern of random citizens, finds it prudent to consider the processes of the Shakespeares and Goethes whom it does concern. Thus biased to the side of experts, the critic habitually tends to lose himself in technical considerations, to admire masterpieces because of the minor difficulties they have overcome, to approve the exquisite adjustments of matter to form. By this tendency the pedants and puritans of criticism are manufactured. To resist it the critic who wishes to be alive must keep his attention fixed much of the time upon the primary substances of art: the stormy passions of mankind, the swarming hopes, the noisy laughter, the homely speech. Let him be delighted as he may be by the final product, he must still, behind all the modes of literature except those whose chief merit is their artifice, feel the rough document. He must understand that the best civilized poets or novelists, though perhaps not the most civilized, have shaped their art out of materials which, being original and obstinate, did not too glibly slip into neat molds.

For Mr. Van Doren it has doubtless been easier to be a critic of this sort than it might have been had he worked with some literature not so relatively rich in documents as the literature of America and not so relatively poor in final products. But his chosen specialism has exacted a penalty. It has confirmed him in his native disposition to overlook deficiency in art for the sake of abundance of vitality. Back and forth over the continent of American literature, with possibly too much gusto and certainly not enough

fastidiousness, he has moved in search of biographers, travelers, amateur anthropologists, adventurers, and eccentrics no less than of conscious artists; and he has expounded them all with a sympathy which is to blame if now and then the swans and geese, the sheep and goats, within Mr. Van Doren's critical fold look lamentably of the same dimensions and significance.

Taken in some candid moment, this friendly critic would undoubtedly admit that sympathy, however valuable a function of criticism, is not its total function. There are authors who deserve less to be explained than to be attacked like weeds in a useful or lovely garden, without too much consideration for their unavoidable instinct to be weeds. But for such lethal functions Mr. Van Doren has apparently small appetite. He has, with all his considerable industry when enthusiastic, the particular kind of indolence which seeks to avoid controversy. Though his vivisection of Booth Tarkington and of Winston Churchill seems to have been accomplished with certain cruel thrusts and twists of the scalpel, he ordinarily prefers to use in such cases the colder knife of silence. Nor is this preference the result of any calculated pride, unwilling to stoop to the smaller fry of letters. It comes from a positive aversion to reading undistinguished or trifling authors and to doing the hard work upon them which goes into Mr. Van Doren's criticism. If he touches an author of this sort at all, it is because he thinks the author's works have settled into a false place in history.

Rather an historian, strictly speaking, than a critic, Mr. Van Doren is bold enough where history is in question. He has labored untiringly to dig the weeds out of the annals of American fiction; he was nearly the first to lift a voice in the revival of Herman Melville; among his contemporaries he reaches a probably too eager hand to many if not to all kinds of excellence, in something the spirit of a radical historian quick to welcome new materials to the record. Being so occupied with history, that is, with things already done, Mr. Van Doren has almost no interest in the metaphysics of criticism. He seldom struggles in the speculative void where subtler critics argue about the boundaries and purposes of art. He undertakes only plain jobs with definite materials. He sets forth the patterns which he believes he has found in his subjects of investigation as if they were any other contribution to knowledge. Subtler critics may disagree with him, but he does not return to the theme unless he has found new facts which force him to modify his opinions. Though no longer given so much as formerly to minute research, he still insists that his usefulness, if he has any, must be based upon the opportunity which he affords for unprofessional readers, with his professional help, to make up their own minds about the authors whom he interprets.

The truth of the matter is, Mr. Van Doren practices one branch of criticism to the exclusion of several others. That he is little perturbed by his limitations, that he does not greatly care to rise to passion or to descend to prejudice, means, in part, that he is more wilful in his behavior than sometimes appears. It means, also, that criticism has never been with him a major aim. What really interests him is human character, whether met in books or out of them, and it is always human character which he studies. His fourth volume of more or less formal criticism being now completed, he plans, so far as it may be permitted him, to withdraw to other provinces.

Children and Internationalism

By HUGH LOFTING

MR. BOK'S peace-essay contest is concluded and the winning "essay" has been published. It cannot be said to be a very fertile document. But the contest (besides conferring vast publicity on the name of Edward Bok and the publishing house with which he is associated) at least took the twin topics of Permanent Peace and International Cooperation out for a nice airing.

Presumably timeliness is of the essence of good publishing. The peace prize has been offered at a time when the question of internationalism, consciously or unconsciously, occupies the political cogitations of almost all of us. It would not be too much to assert that recently there has been hardly anyone—of those who give thought at all to public affairs—who has not experienced a lurking suspicion that we're not going to get anywhere until we do face this question of nationalism versus internationalism.

One can't help thinking that it might be an excellent thing if Mr. Bok were to follow up his idea with the offering of a second prize to be competed for by children. For when the structure of our society conscience and conduct is analyzed it becomes apparent that the mental reorganization necessary for the development of internationalism begins—perhaps begins and ends—with the children. Certainly by offering the schools a prize for an essay of this kind we would at all events show that we are not afraid to tell the rising generation that its political duty to society goes further than waving a national flag. Whether or not that would eventually show our children that there can be only one flag, the flag of Justice, would remain to be seen. But in the schools it would unquestionably give a boost to the advocates of peace as opposed to those adults who play with tin soldiers.

An ingrained admiration for tin-soldierdom seems as yet to be part of every child's metamorphosis. It too, like the Hymn of Hate, will pass—in time. But for the present it seems to have very tenacious roots. Many zealous advocates of internationalism complain that their small boys, who have heard nothing in the home in praise of war since they were born, insist when they reach a certain age on making wooden swords, marching up and down the garden, and smiting off the heads of dandelion enemies.

The reason for this is not very far to seek. The boy may not have heard his father boasting of the glories of a crack regiment, but he has read a whole heap of so-called Children's Classics in which highly painted heroes galloped, glorious and victorious, across bloody battlefields. That kind of battlefield has gone for good—it is still bloody, but you don't gallop. And since that kind of battlefield has gone, that kind of book—for children—should go too. Even the rabid nationalist ought to concede that. Surely it is very wrong to misrepresent things to children—and none the less wrong when we plead patriotism as an excuse.

Suppose that a book of merit, truthfully descriptive of modern war, were written for children; it would be interesting to see if any publisher would accept and print it.

The trouble with all heroes and all heroic games has been that they were always selectively reported. Both sides were very seldom fairly given of either the man or the game. Yet truthfulness, realism, is a prominent charac-

teristic of modern writing. And you can make a hero out of anyone, e.g., Potash and Perlmutter. There's no misrepresentation there. Yet people love them.

So the experiment, after the military heroes of past times have been respectfully interred, of initiating a 1919 school of war literature for children should not discourage the enterprising writer.

No one would want the supreme sacrifices made by the soldiers who died in the World War to be forgotten. But neither must we forget that the main thing they died for was to make future war impossible, to make peace permanent. And the modern battle-book for children should depict the war of 1914 not as a field on which any individual army showed its sportsmanlike excellence over all others; not as part of the "good old fighting days"; not as a chance to win medals. But beneath all the braying of the brass bands and the cheering of the girls who lined the streets it should be displayed as the death throes of two ugly giants, the epochs of Competitive Industrialism and Armed Imperialism. In this great struggle, it should be shown that millions of men gave their lives for ideals which the rest of us, as soon as the armistice was signed, failed to live up to. And that whether the giants are to come back to life and have their ugly fight all over again, with still less of the Queensberry code of rules in evidence, rests with them—the children.

Such a book, provided that it got a good sale (which would largely depend of course on its being interesting as well as meritorious), would contribute a great deal toward the chances of permanent peace—as much as, if not more than, Mr. Bok's late contest.

In the determination of his aesthetic leanings and sociological opinions the force of emulation from a boy's books is almost as potent as that from his living heroes and companions. Charles Dickens did a great deal of good with his novels directed against the Debtor's Prison and the Work-house. He did a lot of harm with the "Tale of Two Cities" and his apotheosis of Sydney Carton, the picturesque martyr-drunkard.

Neither militarism nor Sydney-Cartonism (the romantic pastime of drinking yourself to death when your girl jilts you) quite enjoys the popularity today that it once did. Post-war taxes have done much to discredit the first; and Senator Volstead has made the second very expensive. But there are still those who would tell us that juvenile saberrattling and the sowing of wild oats are a necessary part of the normal development of every "red-blooded" male.

But now, when so many of the old idols and ideals that molded society have crashed in fragments about our bewildered feet, the voice of the laboratory prophet is heard telling us that vitamins and Scotch oats contribute a good deal more to the making of red-blood than nitro-glycerine or wild oats. And for personal prowess and adventure (which is all the youngster is really seeking) there are always the amateur boxing ring and those uncharted portions of our planet which still dare the hardihood of the explorer and the enterprise of the pioneer.

Those terrible, conservative, apoplectic "red-bloods," those bombastic "he-men," the "what-was-good-enough-for-

father" school, they will be the die-hards of war and nationalism. But they cannot stay the tide. With the professional demagogue and the race-hatred trafficker they will finally be swept by the flood of enlightened evolution into the limbo of anachronism.

But how long must we wait? How many wars will they start, and others finish, before they pass?

If one were to suggest that all the war-hero books that are outdated be closed to ages under twenty one would probably be met with opposition from still another quarter. This, the romantic curator of the folk-tale. Those dear people who, blinded by the need of antique glamor in an ugly utilitarian world, would raise the child upon the sagas.

The beauty of the sagas is something none of us would like to see disappear. Yet their aesthetic burden includes many things besides beauty. Bloodthirstiness, superstition, bigotry, and primitive ignorance are among these. Of a great deal of this lore of old stories and rhymes which we hand down to our children the only virtue allowable is that it is old—that it was handed down to us. What merit has

A diller a dollar

A ten-o'clock scholar

that it should be included in the Mother Goose Rhymes? And still less excuse can be found for

Taffy was a Welshman,

Taffy was a thief.

The war of 1914 began with the murder of the Archduke at Sarajevo. Before that it began with two big empires striving for economic mastery of the world. Going back further still it began with the misrepresentation of government bureaus and the press. But before all of these it began with the sagas—with the folk-tales, the tribal legends that were purposely designed to keep alive race hatreds combined with a paramount respect for military prowess.

"Arma virumque cano!"

The little naked boy listening over the peat fire, or at the door of the tribal tent, grasps his wooden sword, his small frame quivering with ardor! And as the song goes on, telling of the evil deeds of the hereditary enemy, he lifts his toy weapon and shakes it toward the stars. "I, too," he cries, "when I am a man, will be a warrior such as these great ones. And woe to any of that tribe who wronged our people if he cross my path!" And the old gray-beards nod approval, saying: "He is a true son of a martial race. Our enemies shall tremble at his name."

That was where the war of 1914 started. And there perhaps is where the most effective work for rational internationalism can today begin. By education, by getting the child to realize that the day of the old-fashioned military hero is gone; that war henceforth, if we must have it, will be at best a contest of chemists and machinery design, we shall do more toward laying the foundations of permanent peace than by any devices of statesmanship which run ahead of popular education. If, beginning with the children, we launch a campaign for the right kind of Peace Preparedness, the working out of governmental plans later will be easier.

It is in this education which we the older work out for the younger generation that another great stumbling-block to internationalism and peace is obtrusively apparent. And that is the attitude which we encourage in our young nationals toward the peoples of races other than their own.

Our passive offenses in this direction are perhaps more pernicious than our active. We don't always say, "Remember that you are the only wholly decent people on the earth," but we very frequently let our children think it. And soon they begin pretty nearly to believe that "God's Country" really is the country where God (and I) come from.

If we make children see that all races, given equal physical and mental chances for development, have about the same batting averages of good and bad, we shall have laid another very substantial foundation stone in the edifice of peace and internationalism.

Recently a good deal toward this has been done by the new schools of pedagogy and aesthetics. Here, as in all fields of up-to-date thought, internationalism crept in whether invited or no. Learning has always been international, ever since pilgrim-students flocked to the universities of Salamanca and Paris: so has art—ever since the Caesars scoured the four quarters of the earth to find craftsmen to beautify the city of Rome.

Within the last few years one or two candid history-writers have helped too.

But what is needed above all is some association of parents who will band and pledge themselves against that terrible phrase "My country, right or wrong." Those teachers who are valiantly trying to show the children their duty to society through mutual tolerance and undisturbed self-expression cannot accomplish very much while they are vastly outnumbered by benighted mothers and fathers who have the children's attention through more than four-fifths of the total hours in the year.

If parents will give children a chance to get away from some of that bigoted misrepresentation which it took most of us so many years to learn and unlearn, then the children themselves will bring about some form of a rational internationalism.

And with that Rational Internationalism will come Permanent Peace. For the one cannot exist without the other.

Books

How the Empire Grows

The Story of My Life. By Sir G. Harry H. Johnston. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.

WHENEVER I have met Sir Harry Johnston, either at the Royal Geographical Society, or at public dinners, or on the platform speaking for woman suffrage, or in his own sequestered and ancient home in Sussex, his very appearance has filled me with astonishment. I have seen a short, active but "dumpy" little figure, surmounted by a little head with a rather smug, commonplace, and self-complacent little face, but on public occasions so covered with medals, orders, ribbons, and decorations of all sorts that really there seemed no room for any more in front. Do you have Bands of Hope, and Oddfellows, and Teetotal Foresters in your country? I know you have Elks, and Crocodiles, and the Ku Klux Klan, all no doubt wearing their peculiar insignia. Well, our Oddfellows and the rest look something like that when they are celebrating their Orders, and Sir Harry Johnston looks just like an ordinary official among them.

And then I have thought to myself, "Can this really be one of the greatest travelers in the world, one of our greatest Empire Builders, the man who has probably seen more of Africa's enormous continent than anyone living, and has administered savage provinces in regions unexplored and indeterminate?" The thing looks obviously ridiculous, and yet, like so many Brit-

ish absurdities, it is true; it has worked. That rather insignificant-looking person has accomplished all those exploits. His name is almost as well known in Africa as that of Livingstone or Stanley or Rhodes, and there he stands before me, covered with high distinctions for service, and speaking in a high-pitched little voice equally well on the suffrage or Liberal politics or the Bantu languages or that queer animal the okapi, which he discovered in the forests of the Upper Congo. It is hard to believe.

Now that he is sixty-six, he has given us the story of his life in this volume of 520 pages, and it must have taken him all his time to compress it even within those spacious limits. (While I am in the way with it, I do protest against the publishers' slovenly manner of bringing out a large and discursive book like this without any Table of Contents, without any names to the chapters, and without any headings to the pages except the weary repetition on each page of *The Story of My Life*. Why on earth should we have that title repeated 520 times? Who wants it more than once? Or what guide and help is there in such futile repetition?) No one could have foretold such a life for the little student at the Royal Academy Schools where Harry Johnston learned to draw. And here again I think it a great loss that Sir Harry and the publishers have not included reproductions of his own admirable drawings of places he has visited and especially of the splendid and fast disappearing animals he has seen. His brilliantly painted pictures of African animals and birds have astonished me almost as much as the contradiction between his own appearance and his real greatness. The insertion of a dozen of them in addition to the very meager supply of the four illustrations (two portraits and two unnecessary photos of his present house) would have given much pleasure and revealed the artistic side of his nature. In any case, however, if one reads the book one recognizes the artist's eye for beauty. What delight he has in fine scenery and noble architecture! How he hates the hideousness of modern life! How he loathes the invasion of his lovely Sussex by villas and golf courses!

Consider to what diverse regions in Africa alone he has journeyed, not as a mere traveler or tourist, but as one holding authority and having definite business in hand. Angola and the islands of San Thomé and Principe, in the west; East Africa and the mountains of the Moon, Kilimanjaro and the vast volcanic region; Egypt, Tunis, and Uganda; the Cameroons, again in the west; Mozambique and Nyasaland on the east and center; the Cape and South Africa; and a finish in Liberia, again in the west. All these he has known, and in most he has intimately studied mankind and its different languages, all animals and plants, and the soils and rocks. Even so I have left out the Lower Congo, and outside these African journeys there are India and your own country, both the Northern and Southern States. It is an amazing record, all the more when we remember that for the most part the African lands were then unexplored, uncharted, and devoid of the uninteresting convenience of railways. In the greater part of them also he was not a merely independent traveler, but stood responsible for the future and well-being of that peculiar collection of races called the British Empire.

When I read his account of his visit to Angola and the two Portuguese islands in the Gulf, I had to force myself to remember that it was his first journey to tropical Africa, that it all happened long ago—forty years ago, and nearly twenty years before my own careful investigation into the slave trade there—that, as he says, the cocoa tree was then a new source of wealth and had not developed anything like its present commercial importance, and that in reality he was far more interested in the landscape, the fauna, and the vegetation than in the social conditions of the people whom he met or saw. Very likely the slave system was not then so atrocious as it had become when I was there, and as we fear it has become again since the war, though it was fast declining in 1913, largely owing to the vigorous representations of the British Government and our Anti-Slavery Society. Otherwise I think a kindly and sympathetic man like Sir Harry Johnston could never have written of this

abomination with the easy nonchalance he appears to affect. For he writes:

From about 1878, from the dawn of cocoa success, the Portuguese had been introducing into San Thomé many recruits for labor from Angola and the western Congo. I dare say there was pressure, an unfairness over this; that it was a disguised slave trade. But once these people reached San Thomé I can aver they were well treated, though I dare say—in those days—their wages were meager and their chances of regaining freedom in their old homes very slight. The initial fact was that originally they had been prisoners of war or "criminals"—you could have been in those days a "criminal" in native Africa without having done wrong under any European code—and that they escaped a far worse fate in coming to San Thomé.

No doubt that is a fair account of what Harry Johnston himself saw as he traveled about San Thomé with "a Portuguese doctor" who had charge of the "laborers." But when I was on that island twenty years later I could not soothe my conscience with such easy-going optimism. I had traveled far into the interior of Angola and seen how the slaves were there bought or captured, sometimes nominally as "criminals," it is true, but far more often by force or fraud; how they were driven down to the coast, shackled up at night to prevent their escape; how they were there sold and apportioned to the various cocoa plantations on the islands of San Thomé and Principe; how they were shipped to those islands, never—never by any chance—to return. I had the opportunity of being the first to expose this abominable traffic, but my report has since been abundantly confirmed by others, some of whom were perhaps sent out in the hope of disproving it, but in the end could only admit that I had even understated the horror. Before the war the case was proved beyond contradiction, and owing, as I said, to the action of the British Government and the Anti-Slavery Society, new regulations were ordained by the Portuguese and many thousands of the slaves were even returned to their homes. What the conditions have been since the war we cannot say for certain, but Portuguese regulations are no better than other government regulations unless their execution is carefully enforced.

It was just after his return from this first African journey that Johnston was invited to visit Leopold, the notorious King of the Belgians. He wondered, as well he might, why it was that this monarch of evil repute was taking so much interest in the Congo and was even expending enormous sums upon its exploitation. Apparently he did not foresee, as Leopold foresaw, what immense commercial assets lay hidden in the unknown forests of the Congo, if only rubber could be extracted from them in lucrative quantities by the employment of barbarous troops and officials who were encouraged to stick at no atrocity but to practice every possible cruelty and torture upon the natives in order that ships might reach Antwerp with cargoes fully laden. Though Johnston accomplished much excellent work in Nigeria and the Cameroons at difficult crises of our Colonial history, I think his name will be most connected with Uganda and Nyasaland during his service as special commissioner in regions in those days almost unknown and unexplored. On many occasions there he displayed that quick resource and quiet resolution which have certainly characterized our "Empire Builders," and also that sense of justice and hatred of oppression which we should like to think of as characterizing them too. But throughout the book one is frequently reminded that the author is no ordinary imperialist, but is endowed with a sensitive feeling for other interests besides territory and commerce.

Sir Harry described his visit to Cape Town in 1893, and the rapid degeneracy he detected in Cecil Rhodes at that time, together with his observation of "the extent of drunkenness in South Africa in those days, unbelievable by the modern generation." I hope it is unbelievable, but I can vouch for the degeneracy and the drunkenness that only six years later were to bring such woes upon South Africa and the people concerned, whether British or Boer.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

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Plain and Colored

The Color of a Great City. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright. \$3.50.

Nowhere Else in the World. By Jay William Hudson. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

THE labor which goes to the making of one of Dreiser's books is not concealed in art. All his dogged determination to conquer his inarticulateness and all his struggles with a craft for which he has none of the superficial fitnesses are painfully evident, but one must not complain too much about that, because his virtues as well as his vices are in a large part due to the fortunate fact that he was born not an artist but an honest man.

Whereas most writers begin with a love of words—with the desire to say something rather than with something which they desire to say—the reverse was true with him. Life interested, puzzled, and shocked him so intensely that he could think of no way of unburdening himself of his emotion save by setting it down, and he set it down in so clumsy and unlicked a form that only those whose love of truth was great enough to overcome their aesthetic sensibilities could stomach him. "A barbarian who never learned to write" was the judgment passed some years ago by Stuart Sherman, and as far as it went it was right, but it did not obviate the fact that Dreiser is infinitely more worth reading than scores of cultivated gentlemen who before their twenties could write better than he will ever learn to do. The most important fact about him is that facility and glibness have never betrayed him for the sufficient reason that he is incapable of either, so that when he is not sincere and painstaking he can not be anything at all.

To some he is merely coarse and repulsive, but to others, as to me, there is not a little of the pathetic about his personality and the way in which he has wandered up and down America, insinuating himself into all sorts of milieus—from Mills Hotels and East Side tenements to the studios of the sophisticated illuminati whom he so dumbly admires—and then turning away greatly troubled by his inability to comprehend what any of the things he has seen signify or how he can reconcile the bewildering diversity of men's fates and characters with any conceivable scheme of religion, ethics, or philosophy.

The sketches of low life in New York between 1900 and 1915 which were written at various times and here collected are interesting, if for no other reason, for the evidence which they afford of the persistent curiosity which is both the mother and the father of his muse. He will, for instance, interrogate a dozen inhabitants of an East Side quarter in order to find out why the ward boss is considered a great man, or he will, quite without any excuse, follow a push-cart peddler into his tenement home to ask him how much he earns per day. As a result of years of this sort of slow-moving curiosity he has a grasp of the actualities in the lives of his people which few writers can equal. The newspaper offices in which he was trained are not, I presume, very good schools in which to cultivate either a very idealistic view of human life or the graces of English style, but it so happened that American literature, before his time at least, had rather more than it needed of these two commodities and was at the same time rather short on the sense of actuality which certainly can be cultivated there. He enlarged its field as no other contemporary writer has done. It may be that the materialistic pessimism and moral anarchy which were the only lessons he could read in events are, when stated abstractly, commonplace and unsatisfactory enough, but he dragged into the field of literary consciousness characters, situations, and states of mind which politer writers preferred to ignore, and he challenged easy optimistic generalities with facts which subsequent interpreters have not been able to pass over. He has faced, as he himself once expressed it, the comfortable generalities of editorial writers with the facts of the news columns and, accordingly, though he may be no true literary god he has at least shown how pitiful the half gods are.

If anyone wishes to realize how successful Dreiser's sketches

are, in spite of all their crudities, in catching the color of a city, he should compare them with "Nowhere Else in the World." Mr. Hudson once wrote a rather impressive romantic novel, but he now presents us with a very feeble realistic one. With a certain glib competence he tells a sensible story of a young American who was so enamored of Paris that he was convinced that he could never be satisfied anywhere else and then discovered that his real home was in Chicago. But the difficulty is that Mr. Hudson does not convince one that he has ever come to grips with the realities of either city. A facile, guide-book view of Paris gives way to a glib Carl Sandburg Chicago, so that one romantic illusion is replaced by another and the reader has the uncomfortable conviction that if the hero were to fall in with, let us say, the works of Mr. Frederic O'Brien he would be off for the South Seas and fully convinced that something or other absolutely necessary to the proper development of the soul is to be found nowhere else in the world except in Tahiti. The story is rapid and not without a certain narrative interest, but it is precisely not what it is supposed to be—an awakening to the realities of life—because when the hero, with a fine show of manly vigor, rolls up his sleeves to begin the work of the world, one is perfectly convinced that he is not plunging into actuality but merely preparing another book.

J. W. KRUTCH

A Man Out of His Time

Life and Confessions of a Psychologist. By G. Stanley Hall. D. Appleton and Company. \$5.

THE reading of this book leaves one a trifle depressed. It is a pathetic life-epic in a minor key. It might even be called an apology for failure. Hall, essentially a poet-dreamer, decidedly subjective in temperament, is touched by hard, materialistic science and everywhere its dehumanized hand has either made his work abortive or else left him with a feeling of incompleteness. To overcome this insufficiency he resorted to a new form of religious tenancy. Even in the author's most interesting self-revelations one senses the conflict between his introversion and his cloak of critical and unbiased analysis. Born to be a poet and a mystic the man has attempted to be a scientist and a leader of empirical thought.

Brought up under the influence of a mother preeminently religious in nature with a belief in the sort of God whose presence one may feel and on whom one may cast his burdens, Hall was thrown by the winds of chance into the maelstrom of modern biology, anthropology, and psychology just as these young sciences were engaged in their first struggles against theological obscurantism. Darwinism was in the initial swing of its influence during Hall's student days. The author, torn asunder in his old faith by his contact with modern thought, finds in evolution a new nexus with his deep religious tendencies. Catching the Hegelian sweep of the idea of Evolution, he makes it his god and Recapitulation, as its modus operandi, becomes for him its prophet. Like all gods, man-made as they are, this one bears the mark of its author's wish-fulfilment. With evolution replacing Jehovah, Recapitulation gives the laws of the new deity with the same fervor and finality as the Old Testament's "Thus saith the prophet."

Had Hall followed his first inclination toward the ministry, he might have become a prominent exponent of a deeper faith built upon a new psychology, or had he lived a generation earlier he might have associated himself with the Concord group of transcendentalists. As it is, throughout all his life, he has been a man out of place and his dominant isolation is a reflection, in part, of this fact.

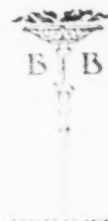
Moreover, in all his work he never escaped a deep desire for a teleological universe. For him there are forces in the individual, in the folk, and in the cosmos moving toward some final beneficent end. Thus the religious pattern of his early life remains with him throughout. It is simply the province of science to help man find his place in this cosmic evolution



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more adequately. If Recapitulation is the prophet of the God, Evolution, then the Research Magnificent is the ritual which brings the Scientist, as High Priest, into the Holy of Holies where he glimpses God, the Creative Spirit, at work.

This may be an agreeable picture for poet-mystics but for the ordinary run of tough-minded men of science it is the veriest *Träumerei*. Thus Hall's constant injection of his teleology into his scientific writings was met not only with ridicule but with scorn. To Hall, on the other hand, there is nothing more futile, nay, even foolish, than a science which is not applicable to human life. Thus we note that the man is not only a poetic dreamer and a teleologist; he bears the additional badge of his kind, he is a moralist and a reformer. Things must change and change for the "better." Science is merely to lead the way. For him there is no more damning indictment of science than the assertion, by some scientists, that their work has nothing to do with practical human affairs.

When one maintains, therefore, that a sense of failure is the key-note of this book one is not far amiss. From the beginning of his life to the present, every significant thing Hall has stood for has been buffeted and storm-blown until he feels that little remains. His years of eclectic preparation in Germany, where he touched more sources of modern thought than any of his American student contemporaries, brought slow returns in teaching opportunities here. His high hopes for Hopkins were transferred, enhanced, to Clark University only to meet the colossal disappointment due to Jonas Clark's stubborn ignorance of what a university is or might be. Recapitulation, as an explanation-principle in biology and psychology, is long since passé. Child study, so earnestly begun, was taken over by other hands and carried into other channels. Psychoanalysis, brought to the temple of psychology, was rejected by the builders to become, with some satisfaction to Hall, no doubt, the chief corner of modern psychiatry in this country. His contribution to religious psychology, with its alleged scientific basis for faith and religion, finds little sympathy in modern Christendom and no support among his experimental co-workers. And now, although this last disappointment is unmentioned in his autobiography, he sits across the way and watches, a sad but silent spectator, the final scene of one of the academic tragedies of America, the destruction of a small but true university which he had rescued from the broken promises of its founder. Clark University has gone—the one lasting contribution he felt he had made. But the outsider viewing his life as a whole can not agree fully with the self-analysis which depicts him so peculiarly a failure.

Hall's trenchant but not bitter criticism of the present economic order and its effects upon our education is a pertinent asset in our culture history. Like Henry Adams, he felt the first compressions of the rising industrial system in this country with its mechanization of life, its quantity production, and its rampant commercialism. Hall, believing in individualism and in a great variety of methods and materials of instruction, and feeling, further, that pedagogy was taking its cues from the sordid economic order, viewed with disgust the increasing standardization of American education. Particularly through the example of Clark University, though gravely handicapped by lack of funds, he was able somewhat to influence this country in the interests of higher education. He got around him a small but earnest group of men and women concerned with study untrammelled by the usual academic machinery. Research to them became "nothing less than a religion." It was his belief that a "university ought to be the freest spot on earth, where human nature in its most variegated and acuminated types can blossom and bear fruit. The factory type of efficiency has no place here." Of the college and university deans, who have come to assume such obvious power today over both students and faculties, he writes: "It is they largely who have broken up knowledge into standardized units of hours, weeks, terms, credits, blocking every short cut for superior minds and making a bureaucracy

which represses personal initiative and legitimate ambition."

Hall has never been a careful, systematic writer. His style is discursive, uneven in merit, and at times heavy. The book lacks the free and easy way of Bok, the finish of Lewisoohn, and the sustained, well-phrased pessimism of Henry Adams. It is, nevertheless, an important autobiography, and one can only regret that the author's persistent timidity and reticence restrain him from exposing those inner phases of his life which would prove most instructive for others.

KIMBALL YOUNG

Economic Vitamin

The Theory of Social Economy. By Gustav Cassel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

Essays in Economic Theory. By Simon Nelson Patten. Edited by Rexford Guy Tugwell. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

IN the realm of economic theory we praise a man for consistency when he has one idea and sticks to it like grim death. That praise Gustav Cassel deserves. His big and important book is built around one idea, namely, that through the mechanism of price the supply of scarce things and the demand for them are adjusted in such wise as to effect the best satisfaction of wants possible under the circumstances. The primary function of price is to check demand, thus keeping it within the limits of the supply of scarce goods and services (and only scarce things, of course, command a price). Mr. Cassel is an unflinching price economist. A special theory of value, he declares, is at least "quite unnecessary," and theory must be "essentially a theory of the fixing of prices." For the Austrian subjective school, with their elaborate paraphernalia of marginal utility, he has scant respect—a judgment shared by many of us who in our younger days were the victims of that misdirected adventure of intellectual ingenuity. Mr. Cassel, however, has little more patience with cost theories as historically worked out.

According to his view, in the continuous process of production there is a continuous process of pricing which continuously determines costs at the same time that it holds demand within the limits set by the available supply of goods and services. It likewise automatically determines the pay of labor, the interest of capital, and the profits of enterprise. The whole traditional theory of value and distribution thus becomes simply a theory of price. By means of a system of equations Mr. Cassel shows that neither the "marginal utility" nor the "cost of production" is determinate until the price is fixed, which is, being interpreted, that the price of things depends on how scarce they are and how much people want them, not on some mysterious hocus-pocus comprehensible only to the initiated. This is all quite comforting to the ignorant, but infuriating, needless to say, to the economic Ph.D.

Mr. Cassel's theory of interest, enunciated twenty years ago, is that interest is the price of "capital-disposal," that is, the price one must pay to get command of the means of production over a certain period. The theory is not based on the "productivity" of capital or on the "preference for present over future goods" so dear to the Austrians, but solely on the scarcity of capital essential in the unceasing process of production. Interest, then, is not that antique fiction of Karl Marx's, unpaid labor, but is a plain unavoidable fact of the exchange economy, resting on the disagreeable further fact that capital is not abundant enough for the production of everything men want, and that therefore it must command a price—a conclusion plain as a pikestaff. Who owns the capital has nothing to do with the fact of interest, which would still exist under a socialist economy provided the consumer were still accorded freedom of consumption within the limits of his income. Capital ownership, of course, decides who gets interest. The rate of interest depends chiefly on the increase of population, technical progress, and the length of human life. Until life is lengthened, Mr. Cassel believes, it is impossible for the rate of

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interest to fall much below the 3 to 5 per cent level that it has maintained throughout modern times. His speculations on this point are interesting and ingenious, if not wholly convincing. His whole book is one of the most important and suggestive of recent works in economic theory.

"Theories," once wrote Simon Patten, beloved teacher of a generation of American economists, "have too much vitality to be stoned to death by facts"—a fact, the irreverent critic might well enough remark, of which many of Mr. Patten's theories furnish unexcelled illustration. He was no man of one idea; he gloried in being an "economic pluralist," always searching for the new thing that would help set men free in their thinking and their acting. The most original and daring of American economists, and in some ways the most reckless in his use of facts, he had a veritable genius for picking up facts overlooked by others and discovering in them meanings hidden except from restless, inquiring minds like his own. A man lonely, almost solitary in life and thought, yet friendly, interested, and helpful without limit, angular withal, independent to a degree, suggestive and stimulating beyond all other men of his generation, he was a great thinker, a great teacher, a great American. For, like Henry George, and like his fellow-Illinoisan Abraham Lincoln, Simon Patten could have been produced nowhere but in America.

In collecting for book publication these articles and monographic writings, Mr. Tugwell has done a great service to students of economic theory, but he has done more than that. He has produced a volume that will serve as a powerful stimulus to thought in every live-minded reader, particularly if he be an American. To trace over a period of thirty years the development of this mind of many facets, forever flashing new light on some dark corner of our economic and social relations, is a fascinating study. As one reads essay after essay, filled with statements and conceptions utterly contradictory of all received doctrine, often apparently self-contradictory, yet consistent when seen in the full light of Mr. Patten's thought and faith, one wonders at the bold crudity of his thinking; one marvels at the endless flashes of insight by which he arrived at conclusions to which others attained, sometimes only decades later, by painful toil; one is grateful for the ripe wisdom, the gentle spirit, the unfailing youth, that radiate from the writings of the last years, the years when men's hearts and minds were tried as by fire. No review can give any idea of the ingenuity and richness of these essays. A few scattered quotations must suffice. "That conduct is, in the objective sense, the most moral which enables us to exercise all our faculties on the least land." Who but Simon Patten could have thought or said that? And in 1912, a decade before our recent statistical studies, he was asserting: "I would say industrial capital arises from the undivided profits of newly exploited industries." Economics, in his view, "treats of the production, distribution, control, and consumption of wealth." Dealing with social struggles and the class conflict that he loathed: "The first axiom of social advance is: never take the chance of conflict when compromise is open. From this simple creed all social progress comes." And in those last fiery days of world war, an utterance that came from an American Gethsemane:

Peace without force means a yielding of the strong, not a submission of the weak. . . . Can we yield to a nation in the wrong and yet promote world justice? This is the test of a peace without victory, of a world not coerced by force. . . . Nations are often unruly, emotional, and stubborn, but they need forgiveness more than punishment. In local affairs we may let the majority dictate, but liberty should be our guide in world decisions. Toleration is more moral than right, more luminous than truth, a sounder principle than justice, and more divine than retribution. Without it no democracy can exist. Its basis is a peace that endures because it is loved. Battleships and machine-guns cannot do what simpler forces do through the radiating influence of comradeship and goodwill.

With mind of crystal and heart of gold, he has gone out into the silence, best-loved of American teachers, but in this volume he being dead yet speaketh. As we reverently turn its pages, we thank God and take courage.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Mr. Frank Looks at His World

An American Looks at His World. By Glenn Frank. The University of Delaware Press. \$3.

GLENN FRANK is editor of the *Century Magazine*. He writes about the press, the church, the state, the arts, the music of the spheres. Personally I should be willing to read him on William Jennings Bryan, foreign missions, and the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen. He is a good hand at finding some fresh point of view even in dead-tired themes.

Mr. Frank is definitely liberal in what he says and feels. He is definitely an evangelist. He has an eye for fun and beauty: but fun is best when it means getting people started, and beauty is essentially an attribute of a more noble social scene. Mr. Frank tours the provinces several months of every year, on the lecture platform, and likes to talk to crowds. The essays in this book are evidence that he has a message for them. But the crowds give something in return. That is a style.

Echoes from the forum remain in Mr. Frank's writings. Generalities like this, for instance: "Labor and capital must join in a high resolve that both shall strive in consonance with the spirit of peace and tolerance, to think less in terms of the battlefield and more in terms of the council chamber." A text like that, with no application of the case method to interpret it, can stand the test of lecture-hall acoustics better than the laboratory tube. Mr. Frank, no doubt, knows what he means, but doesn't take the time to say it.

Then, in what he writes, there is something of the platform speaker's willingness to slay the dragon while you wait. "Are we in the grip of blind forces carrying modern civilization to destruction?" "Is the efficiency of autocracy really efficient?" "How is a rich man to provide for the continuous functioning of his fortune after his death?"—those are three of a good many dozen questions Mr. Frank asks himself, and hustles off to answer in a page or two. You must remember that the crowd is waiting and does not care for splitting hairs. You must make the ultimate your goal and do your best to get there.

Again, the platform teaches you to reason with your fingers in the air. Point one. Point two. Point three. Point four. You find Mr. Frank engaged in this in most of the themes he handles. The five right modern ways of dealing with disease. The four factors that limit teachers' freedom in the schools. The five qualities a public speaker ought to have. The eleven reasons why young men no longer flock into the church. The three world movements that may together put our prostrate culture on its feet. There are critics who object to "four" and "five" and "six" and "three." Why not "thirteen," "thirty-two," and "forty"? But this man instinctively starts counting when he talks, and starts talking when he writes. His audience is sitting on the wooden seats before him.

Here is an eager mind, never tired of speculating, never tired of asking questions. Suppose the scientists should close their laboratories and declare a general strike until humanity began to use their new inventions socially? What would happen if the clergy forgot, some Sunday morning, its theology and thought-insulating jargon? Would Christ have escaped crucifixion, or been crucified all the sooner, if Jerusalem had had a modern press? There is a little essay in this book on doctors, four thousand words or so, that shows as well as any other chapter how keenly Mr. Frank pursues ideas. It is called *The Politics of Health*, and starts off by asserting that "One of the serious social needs of our time is a statesmanlike organization

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Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st, 1923

	Agate Lines	Comparison Agate Lines
The Chicago Daily News.....	176,859	176,859
The Daily Tribune	127,429	127,429
The Post	100,532	
The Daily Herald-Examiner....	15,673	
The American	5,589	
The Journal	1,441	
Sunday Papers		
The Sunday Herald-Examiner .	27,381	
The Sunday Tribune	9,303	
The Daily News' excess over the next highest score, that of The Daily Tribune		49,430

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of the medical service of the nation." That text is a large one; with four thousand words available, most editors might feel content to sketch a point of view. Not Mr. Frank. He admits that this is a risky subject for a writer who wants to preserve a reputation for his sanity. But nothing ventured, nothing gained. Fingers in the air, he starts counting off the points. First we ought to have a truthful critique of doctors and their code, their fee system, and their training. Second, we ought to zone the country to keep doctors from locating as tailors locate, exclusively where the trade is best. Third, we've got to hold industry responsible for its workmen's health as strictly as the workmen are held responsible for output. Fourth, we ought to tax the state for the means to institute an adequate health program instead of permitting an enterprise like that to rest upon funds that can be wheedled from private pockets into endowment funds. Fifth, sixth, seventh—before you finish these four thousand words Mr. Frank has given you a vest-pocket program some of which you may approve, some disapprove, but all of which will challenge you to think.

And that, I take it, is the contribution Mr. Frank is making with his pen and his lectures. He is not afraid of the specific when he attacks the general—and to the specific he brings a clear mind and a wealth of eager interest. He writes honestly, keeps an open mind, goes back continually to reevaluate his own ideas. To his trade he is an asset, and to the rest of us a useful neighbor, in a day when the building of a better balanced social order is by no means an idle dream.

CHARLES MERZ

A Gaelic Romance

Deirdre. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

MR. STEPHENS might have made use of one or another of the accepted ways of rendering the elements of Gaelic romance into English—Standish Hayes O'Grady's way, or Campbell of Islay's way, or Whitley Stokes's way, or Douglas Hyde's way. But he takes up none of these conventions. He does not even use those approximations to Gaelic locutions that make the writing in his "Irish Fairy Tales" so distinctive and so delightful. His style in "Deirdre" is as personal as his style in "Here Are Ladies." Indeed I feel like using the word "wilful" in speaking of the writing in a book that is the retelling of the most famous of Irish romances.

I have no doubt that those who have been taught to look back upon Ireland of the heroic age as a place of brave and blameless champions and blameless and beautiful ladies will be repelled by episodes and utterances in "Deirdre." There are many people who still expect a Tennysonian smoothness in any re-creation of the Ireland that was the only survival of barbaric Europe, forgetful of the fact that it is quite some time now since J. M. Synge took farewell of the accepted heroines now demi-gods of Celtdom:

Adieu, sweet Angus, Maeve, and Fand,
Ye plumed yet skinny Shée,
That poets danced with hand in hand,
To learn their ecstasy.

We'll stretch in Red Dan Sally's ditch,
And drink at Tubber fair,
And hunt with Red Dan Philly's bitch
The badger and the hare.

James Stephens's Conachur and Maeve, his Naoise and Deirdre, his Fergus and Lavarcham will be perfectly recognizable by those who have gone the ways that Synge spoke of.

It does not require any special knowledge of the Irish tradition to enjoy "Deirdre." James Stephens's is a tragical love story the scene of which is laid in the Ireland of victorious champions and hard-fighting kings, of poets and magicians. How different that world is from the world of medieval romance is shown in Maeve's speech, a speech that Mr. Stephens gives not without warrant:

"My husband," she said, "must be free from cowardice, and free from avarice, and free from jealousy; for I am brave in battle and combats, and it would be a discredit to my husband if I were braver than he. I am generous and a great giver of gifts, and it would be a disgrace to my husband if he were less generous than I am. And," she continued, "it would not suit me at all if he were jealous, for I have never denied myself the man I took a fancy to, and I never shall whatever husband I have or may have hereafter."

Conachur, king of Ulster, is married to Maeve, who is destined to be the leader of the invasion that brings his kingdom to ruin, when Mr. Stephens's story opens. So far, no story-teller has had the hardihood to bring into the same story the two heroines Maeve and Deirdre. The story-tellers have shown us a Maeve with Deirdre out of the saga and a Deirdre with Maeve not yet in it. Mr. Stephens dares to give us both Deirdre and Maeve, both Helen and Clytemnestra. And he dares set up the girl of the woods against the queen who can say "No other queen shall waggle her toes in my draperies, nor enjoy what is proper for my enjoyment alone." He gains power through having Maeve in Conachur's palace while Deirdre is growing up as his ward in the woods. Maeve deserts Conachur, leaving him a baffled and thwarted man. And it is this baffled and thwarted man who sees Deirdre in the beauty of her girlhood and then becomes as one who has a new life before him. Deirdre deserts him too; she runs off with the youth Naoise, and thereafter the destruction of all that Conachur has built up becomes inevitable by the act of treachery that the king's passion drives him to. To get Deirdre back and to kill the man who took her from him becomes the end of Conachur's policy; his treason sets his great champions against him and makes a breach in the heroic companionship that has guarded Ulster. And yet that treachery is inevitable given the Conachur that Mr. Stephens projects:

Love is told in this way and that way, but it is not told of as it is. . . . It is a savagery in the blood, and pain in the bone, and greed and despair in the mind. It is to be thirsty in the night and unslaked in the day. It is to carry memory like a thorn in the heart.

So Conachur speaks to Lavarcham on the day before he gives his word that Deirdre and the sons of Uisneach can return to Ireland unjudged and undoomed.

The episode of Deirdre's elopement and the episode of the return from Scotland are told with all of a story-teller's art. Mr. Stephens makes no situation out of the first meeting of Deirdre and Naoise—it is simply the discovery of youth by youth. It just happens. The girl goes and sits by the camp-fire and listens to the talk of the youth Naoise and his young brothers, held in spite of her shyness. But before she looks upon the king for the first time she has been back to the camp-fire, and this time Deirdre and Naoise know each other and there is passion between them. Then when Conachur looks upon her, and speaks of his delight in her beauty, she is remote from him, and there is no way of bringing him near to her.

The return of Deirdre with Naoise and his brothers, turning as it does on the observance of *geasa*, or taboo, is difficult for a modern story-teller to make convincing. Fergus, who is to protect them, is under *geasa* regarding a feast offered him: he can never refuse one. Conachur arranges to have Borach offer him a feast as soon as he arrives in Ireland with Deirdre and the sons of Uisneach. After that the company has to go forward without their great protector. It is difficult for a dramatist or a story-teller of our day to make the observance of the *geasa* an adequate incident: Mr. Stephens does not succeed in making it deeply convincing, but at least he makes a situation out of it.

The men and women in "Deirdre" stand up with humor, shrewdness, poetry, and adventure in them: they are no pale reflections of people in a saga. And they are very Irish. They are such people as existed within the four seas of Ireland in

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the times of the chariot-using chieftains, and they are such people as exist there still. Ask the British Intelligence Service if they have ever met a MacRoth within the past few years and they will probably answer that they have had a glimpse of such a person:

MacRoth had her frightened, and could have cowed her any time he wished. In her own craft he was her master, for, after all, she was only a household spy, but he was a—spy. She could glean from the kitchen or the Sunny Chamber everything that was there; but she must have walls about her and work behind those; while MacRoth did not mind whether he was in a room or in a forest; he would spy in a bee-hive; he would spy on the horned end of the moon; he would spy in the middle of the sea, and he would know which wave it was that drowned him, and which wave it was that urged it on.

The writing in the book is, as I have said, wilful; it is a wilfulness that carries the writer into unexpected beauties, startling humors and extravagances.

PADRAIC COLUM

For Students of Art Criticism

Western Art and the New Era. By Katherine S. Dreier. Brentano's. \$7.

American Artists. By Royal Cortissoz. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

THE student of art criticism in America will find these books invaluable; they should be read together. Miss Dreier, though she begins with Assyria and Egypt and traverses European painting, is focused upon the experimental work of today. She traces the vital chain of Western art from Byzantium to post-impressionism, developing her thesis that painting is expressive of life, that art is always in the making, and that, being an expression of different people in different times and places, art must always find new forms. From this benevolence toward modern art Mr. Cortissoz is distinctly aloof. He hates modernists. He hates experiment. "There should be no tolerance for inimical influences." He believes in fundamental principles which "art has recognized"; and he is ready to force those principles even upon nature. Thus, he says of Albert P. Ryder: "His apocalyptic skies are flatly incredible as skies in the ordinary understanding of the word, skies filled with an authentic blue and relieved by accurately modeled cloud forms." Not only the painter but heaven too, it seems, must furnish this critic with "authentic" blue and "accurately modeled" clouds.

Here then are two critics: Miss Dreier sounding a tucket for the experimenters; and Mr. Cortissoz assuring us that their work and what he calls Ellis Island art are beneath notice. Mr. Cortissoz names no living specimens of the modernist species but handsomely concedes that Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin, all dead, "retained just enough contact with the normal conventions of art for their subversive tendencies to be overlooked to a certain extent."

For merest acquaintance, therefore, with the dearest aversions of Mr. Cortissoz, we must turn to Miss Dreier.

Sharing as I do Miss Dreier's admiration for one of the most significant of these men, Marcel Duchamp, in the truest sense a genial and leading spirit, I regret her misconception of the effect produced by his painting, *Nude Descending the Stairs*:

Never in the history of American art has any picture taken such hold of the common people—the gate receipts rose into the tens of thousands and the prophecy which Apollinaire, the French critic, had made years before, about Duchamp being the one to enthral the public as Cimabue had done in Florence in the thirteenth century, when his picture was carried in triumph through the streets of Florence, came true in a modern form in New York in 1913.

Alas! Duchamp's renown was of another sort. The painting, because of its title, achieved a notoriety absolutely foreign to Duchamp's intention; created a huge scandal which was the basis of the Armory Show's large attendance; and is still men-

tioned, not with the respect and admiration it deserves, but in terms of uninformed derision. Possibly this very painting was one of the "cubistic fantasticalities" which Mr. Cortissoz reports had upon Mr. Kenyon Cox "the effect of a vulgar affront." One never knows and Mr. Cortissoz doesn't tell.

A number of other inaccuracies in Miss Dreier's book are the more regrettable in that she undertakes to be an apologist for modern painting. On page 76 she says "no expression reached us until 1913," meaning that modern European work was first shown in the Armory Exhibition of that year. On page 123 she contradicts her own statement when she refers to "291," the first gallery to introduce the spirit of Modern Art in New York. The Photo-Secession, later "291," had been functioning for seven years before the Armory Show of 1913—not to mention London's introduction to modern art through Mr. Roger Fry in 1912—and 291, in an uncommercial series of demonstrations, had introduced the entire range of European expression to America, from Cézanne to Picasso and Braque, from African Negro sculpture to Matisse and Brancusi, including most of the important contemporary Americans. In fact, it is doubtful if, without the pioneering of 291 and the London exhibition of 1912, the Armory Show would ever have been held.

Miss Dreier's book suffers, too, from a number of gross omissions. Where, in her list of contemporary painters, is MacDonald Wright? How about Demuth? Among women painters why is there no mention of Marie Laurencin, the Frenchwoman? And how about Georgia O'Keeffe, the American? Miss Dreier does not mention Berthe Morisot and Mary Cassatt, though even Mr. Cortissoz writes of them. Surely the Misses Katherine S. and Dorothea Dreier are not the only women painters—though theirs are the only names of women painters to appear in the index of Miss Dreier's book.

For one so consistently enthusiastic about contemporary expression Miss Dreier indulges one strange foible. Though she deplors the dominance of the machine in our civilization, yet she repudiates the one complete mastery of the machine, in photography. She asserts that photography can never "rival" art, and says no lens has ever been invented that can "emphasize certain forms or eliminate others, or which can give accurate reproductions of the proper proportions of one given object to another." But these statements contradict the experience not only of the general public, and of painters who have learned from photographs; they also contradict the affirmations of scientists and of persons like Maurice Maeterlinck, G. B. Shaw, Auguste Rodin, Matisse, Steinlen, Roland Rood, Picasso, De Zayas, and a host of others.

However, with all its faults, and they are exceeding plentiful, Miss Dreier's book nevertheless holds some germ of feeling for the humanity whose expression in all ages is related. And she does name men and movements, futurism, vorticism, dadaism, which have had no adequate historian as yet, though she often fails to get her facts about them straight: dadaism, for example, was not, as Miss Dreier says, started by Tzara and taken up by Picabia; it was an offshoot of Picabia's magazine *391*, which in its turn had been derived from the American *291*. This force coming in contact with Tzara undoubtedly played its part in the development of dadaism. The failure to give Americans credit for things originated through their work reminds one of D. H. Lawrence's remark, that while European moderns were *trying* to be extreme, the Americans just were it. Lawrence made the statement about literature. It is fully as true of the arts, where Americans are always the last to recognize and give credit for the pioneer achievements of their countrymen.

To turn from the sometimes hazy enthusiasm of Miss Dreier to Mr. Cortissoz is to enter the realm of authentic blue skies and accurately modeled clouds. He knows how to write English and, within the rigid limits he prescribes for himself, gives a panoramic view of American painters and sculptors accepted in conservative circles. His personal acquaintance with painters and architects as well as with collectors and especially with art dealers embraced outstanding figures like Stanford White and Mc-

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Kim, La Farge, Abbey, Abbott H. Thayer, Duveneck, Chase, Kenyon Cox, and Charles Freer. He has assembled many respectable if hardly thrilling facts about the bygone sedate age of American painting. But it is unfortunate that in a book named "American Artists" he could not persuade himself to name one of the greatest living water colorists, John Marin; or Marsden Hartley, distinguished for his "Adventures in the Arts" and his poems as well as for his sensitive painting. There is one more than strange chapter on New York as an Art Center, wherein the purchases and sales of paintings, often inferior in merit and since depreciated in value, are cited as phenomena that "spell an astounding play of taste, of judgment, of genuine artistic wisdom." When Mr. Cortisoz speaks of the prices in New York's picture mart as constituting effective insurance against "subversive modernism," one rubs one's eyes. How about the thousands of dollars paid for work of Matisse, Picasso, and Cézanne, at recent sales and auctions—of the Kelekian collection for example—not to mention Brancusi and even Seurat, and the constantly rising prices of other modern work? These dollar standards have nothing to do with American artists, though they seem to concern Mr. Cortisoz intimately. Is there not, in this point of view, more than a little adulation of dealers and of "super-collectors like Morgan, Altman, Frick, and Widener," and the late Charles Freer? Are there not some who would question the assertion that art dealers on and near upper Fifth Avenue "have kept pace with every phase of our aesthetic experience"? At least these statements are invaluable for the student of art criticism in America, for whom, it may be repeated, this book of Mr. Cortisoz, together with that of Miss Dreier, constitutes a veritable treasure trove.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

Uplift and Understanding

From Pinafores to Politics. By Mrs. J. Borden Harriman. Henry Holt and Company. \$5.

Three Generations. By Maud Howe Elliott. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

THOSE who have despaired of finding intimate and unknown details in autobiographies will find Mrs. J. Borden Harriman's "From Pinafores to Politics" a pleasant surprise. I, and perhaps others, had always thought that the Democratic Party slipped into power in 1912 through the broken ranks of the Republican Party. It is bewildering to realize that Mr. Wilson was elected because Mrs. Harriman gave him a dinner at the Colony Club. As for the Colony Club itself, that august body came into existence so that Mrs. Harriman could have a place in which to sleep when she came down from her summer house and her town house was undergoing repairs—"Bordie" not wanting his wife to stay alone at the Waldorf.

People on this side of the ocean when Germany invaded Belgium strained their meager imaginations to picture the chaos of frenzied Europe. Mrs. Harriman, who was there collecting reports on labor problems, tells us all about it: "It makes me realize now that . . . the next war, too, will come to most of us out of the sky, catch us laughing again at garden parties." And from her diary, August 15, 1914:

The Ambassador is too wonderful. . . . Dear Mrs. Della Field is at the Ritz lending money to everyone who wants to find lost relatives in Belgium, giving Ethel and me long suede gloves to cover our nakedness until our trunks are found and generally being a good angel to all stranded Americans. She always makes more people happier than anyone I know.

On the labor problem she meditates: "Queer how philanthropy and a real adjustment between capital and labor don't quite mix." And, later, reporting the condition of our troops in France to President Wilson, she becomes really emphatic with: "The want of food in Europe is dreadful. Even I was hungry the last days in London."

A realist of the highest order, Mrs. Harriman spares her horrified reader no detail of the discomfort she has undergone for the sake of "the public" whom she "really did represent, I believe." If it was cold motoring back from a labor hearing she never forgets to mention the fact, and in war-time France she had to wear her fur coat indoors to keep warm. Our sympathy is aroused when she tells how hot she became driving her ambulance in Washington before she could deposit her patient and go to a drug-store for a cool drink, and with what difficulty she and her orderly persuaded a patient to refrain from being "seasick" and "spoil" "our new ambulance" that "was our pride and our joy."

To those Americans who thought the G. H. Q. of the A. E. F. was at Chaumont it will be interesting to learn that, though it was nominally stationed there, it was really at the Ritz in Paris, as were also the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. Mrs. Harriman leaves no room for doubt: "I say in my diary that everybody was at the Ritz the winter of 1918-1919. And not the least noticeable of everybody was Elinor Glyn." "I only know that to the populace it [President Wilson's coming] was the greatest of good news. My manicure at the Ritz chattered for days about his arrival."

And of the author herself we have a definite impression long before the book is finished. She confides to us that during certain trying times "my sense of humor tided me over." That a member of our present-day civilization could actually come in contact with so much suffering, could know personally so many prominent individuals, could hold such important political positions, and still come through it all as blithely untroubled and effervescently self-assured as Mrs. Harriman does certainly necessitates some remarkable quality. Doubtless, it is the "sense of humor" of which she speaks.

The ridiculous has its place in the world as a foil for the sublime and thus it is that "From Pinafores to Politics" becomes interesting when compared with "Three Generations." For, though Mrs. Elliott's book may not attain to absolute sublimity or Mrs. Harriman's to the completely ridiculous, the step from Mrs. Harriman's carefully selected list of political dinner guests to a breakfast in the home of Julia Ward Howe is the stride of seven-league boots. From over-impulsive lobbyings and easy money one's mind catapults back to a real balance of values as it is reassured that there have been famous names in the world not intimately associated with diplomatic and political intrigue—as senators and generals give place to Henry and William James, Bret Harte, Francis Marion Crawford, Edward Sothorn, William Dean Howells, Richard Mansfield, Henry Adams, Queen Margherita of Italy as a patron of the arts, John Sargent, and many others.

A few quotations will point the comparison: August 15, 1914, in her diary, Mrs. Harriman worried about long suede gloves. August 9, 1914, Mrs. Elliott wrote in her journal: "The papers are too full of the small discomforts of these travelers. Millionaires are coming home in the steerage; this may improve the conditions in the steerage for future emigrants." And September 24:

The worst of it is, the mildest people are turned into furies, even by the faint and distant echoes of the passions that are destroying Europe and England. I feel a savage exaltation when I hear of so many Germans killed or wounded. Then comes remorse for the hateful feeling, the remembrance that those men are inspired by a passionate patriotism, that their wives and mothers love them as much as English wives and mothers love their men; but the ugly feeling was there, was uppermost before reflection seized and tried to down it.

Where Mrs. Harriman sat in uplifting patronage at labor hearings, Mrs. Elliott, as a child, accompanied her father on his inspections of public institutions. "I have slept in almost every poorhouse and insane asylum in the State [Massachusetts]." While Mrs. Harriman stumped for Wilson in 1912, Mrs. Elliott, in the interests of woman suffrage, whole-heartedly backed

Roosevelt. She says: "Could I hope to be remembered at all, it would be as one of the founders of the Progressive Party."

Artist life in Rome, travels through Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land with her mother, Julia Ward Howe, the Art Association of Newport are all described with a simple dignity and rare insight. If the book is somewhat too religious for certain readers, if its characters are so universally beautiful and lacking in malice that one wonders where all the mean people are in the world, for myself I can put that down to the gentle and sincere nature of Maud Howe Elliott herself, and overlook its unreality in my gratification that an intelligent woman of seventy can still look with sweet tolerance upon the world about her. Her book is a real addition to the memoirs of the last three decades.

KATHLEEN MILLAY

Passionate Cooperation

Cooperative Democracy. By James Peter Warbasse. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

THIS book makes me a little dizzy. The same in the face of the fact that I have just laid down Mr. Veblen's "Absentee Ownership"—supposed to be as turbid a pot of the King's English as ever was brewed. But Veblen, for all his alarms and fanfaronades, sticks pretty relentlessly to his point:

Christendom is governed in recent times by three several systems of use and wont, sovereign action-patterns induced by the run of past habituation: (a) the mechanical system of industry, (b) the price (and credit) system, (c) the conception of national integrity. The existing industrial system is dominated by the technology of physics and chemistry. The price system is dominated by absentee ownership. The nation, considered as a habit of thought, is a residual form of the predatory dynastic state of early modern times, with some superficial alterations due to a suffusion of democratic and parliamentary institutions.

Under the adjectives and the adverbs, Mr. Veblen strips the economic structure of its last garment until it stands naked, clear, and insolent against the sky. There is little use of capitals and no indignation, but we have here such an indictment as no professed agitator has ever written.

Mr. Warbasse tends to follow the older school. He is generous with his capitals. He gets righteously indignant. He views with alarm. For 376 pages, with *Cooperation* firmly clutched in one hand and a battle-ax in the other, he hews his way into a forest of Capitalists, Profiteers, Farmers, Trade Unions, State Socialism, Guild Socialism, Anarchism, Syndicalism, Communism, Democracy, the Tariff, the Producer, the Consumer (I never have been able to get these latter two gentlemen properly pulled apart), Service, New Ethics, and Translating the Finite into the Infinite. As I say, it leaves me impressed, but a little dizzy.

Mr. Warbasse has a good cause and a good case. He produces arguments—telling arguments—as to the possibilities of the cooperative movement ameliorating the three key systems of use and wont which Veblen sketches. *Cooperation* does use modern technology for satisfying the needs of the consumer, rather than for private profit. (Witness the great research laboratories of the European cooperatives.) *Cooperation* does tend to break down the evils of absentee ownership. *Cooperation* does move—slowly to be sure—across national frontiers.

Perhaps the trouble is that my habit-patterns are such that it seems to verge on the immoral for cooperation to produce a prophet as passionate and as logical as, say, a socialist, a single-taxer, or a birth controller. *Cooperation* takes an incurably pedestrian gait in my mind. Here is a movement that has been steadily sawing wood for half a century, while all the other movements have been tearing their beards. Somehow it does not seem quite proper for so respectable, so tan-

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gible, and so formidable an organization to stoop to the Brotherhood of Man, Adventurous Youth, and Restitution and Forgiveness. It is like a copy of the *Liberator* on a banker's desk. And yet I must confess that when Mr. Warbasse tells of what the Flemish cooperatives have done for sculpture, I come near to shouting.

The last part of the book is less upsetting and more seemly according to the dictates of my upbringing. It comprises a very able and interesting summary of where consumers' cooperation stands today in the various countries of the world, together with the types of industries handled, and an outline of cooperative history. With its thirty million members, the movement does a very considerable fraction of the world's business, and perhaps, as Mr. Warbasse intimates, it is the only force which can keep Europe together in the tumultuous years ahead. Consumers' cooperation in the United States has languished, and continues to languish.

Finally, here is one thought which gives me particular pause:

Cooperative organization begins with the people as consumers and represents the individual as an absorber and user of the things that have been produced. This means that its first concern is for the human being in the enjoyment of things. It begins with the home and the family rather than with the workshop and the worker.

And when you come to think of it, why isn't this the place to begin? The current phrase, and current business practice, runs "supply and demand"—fit the market to the goods. Cooperation would make it, "demand and supply"—fit the goods to human needs.

STUART CHASE

Blunt the Rebel

Gordon at Khartoum. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Alfred A. Knopf. \$6.

TEN years ago I read Blunt's book, and I then thought that my unfortunate association with bank wreckers and railroad grafters had not a little to do with my fury of admiration for the author. But now, having read it a second time amid a kind of arcadian quiet, I find it no less thrilling. Reading, you rub your eyes and wonder, for it seems that no one has presented a more faithful reflection of his contemporary world than Blunt. No, not even old Samuel Pepys, frankest of chroniclers. For Pepys had something of the sycophant in him, and, again, he was at a handicap in writing of a circle of which he was no part. Blunt, the man of affairs and gentleman of wealth and leisure, was able to write from the inside, making use of his intimate knowledge of nineteenth-century political society, setting down everything as it was, sparing none and caring for none, giving pictures of those met, and in the pictures recording expressed and discovered prejudices; penning the motives of men as they stood revealed in a thousand conversations; indicating always personal ambitions, hopes, ideals. Perhaps he discovered the men behind their masks by antagonizing them, by angering them, by putting them on the defensive. Often, it is clear, he prodded them into self-revelation, and most certainly he himself always stood in the light of a challenger. A challenger, I say, because as you read you visualize a man standing four-square, a most uncompromising enemy of what is called "civilizing imperialism," a denouncer of absurd alliances, and a laughter at flamboyant boasters. You imagine him transferred to America to stand, a fervent denouncer of dreams of national glory as being utterly incompatible with the ideals of Lincoln, of Jefferson, of Washington. The attitude explains much. It explains, for instance, his ex-coriolation in his "Diary" of Roosevelt, who, the aggressive soul of him alive, characteristically plunging into matters he understood not at all, taking snap judgment, played his part of political rhetorician. "The Egyptian papers have been full of Roosevelt's adventures at Cairo, and the speech he made to university students in praise of British rule. He is a buffoon of the

lowest American type and roused the fury of young Egypt to the boiling-point, and it is probable that if he had not cleared out of the country there would have been mischief." Or this about his friend General Gordon: "Much as I liked Gordon personally, I considered him to be in the wrong and the others in the right, and I would rather see him perish than cause the death of one of his opponents" (p. 221).

For Blunt was all for Egypt and all against England in its occupancy of the Nile country. More than that, he held that Crown colonies are, after all, nothing but slave communities in disguise. In Egypt and in India England stood as an invader, as he saw it, and the life of the invader is never sacred. He went further still: he felt that all the talk about civilization and the white man's burden, all the babble about spreading the gospel among the heathen and teaching others to govern themselves was pernicious claptrap and pinchbeck oratory, and that the paramount aim behind all was a kind of industrial slavery. Seeing so-called enlightened nations at works of conquest, of extermination, burning, killing, bombing, and subjugating the weak, Blunt finds them not Christians at all, but plunderers filled with the mere lust of conquest, full of ideas about trade gains, hungry for lands to be won and profits to be snatched by fraud. And in the mealy-mouthed protestation of politicians masquerading as statesmen, in all sanctimonious professions of higher motives he finds nothing but mere pretenses to cover the nakedness of bare spoliation. As for the heaven-inspired missions of nations and the extra-mundane intelligence planning all things for an ultimate good, "I am," he writes, "too little believing in the divine government of the world."

This, too, is important. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt most thoroughly understood the trend of things and realized that the acts of his government must inevitably bring upon the world something of that malaise from which we suffer today. There's golden merit in the book, for while it relates the true story of foreign occupancy of a protesting land and of a series of campaigns between 1882 and 1886, it is also a signpost and a danger signal if like causes produce like results. For it cannot be doubted that the path upon which England entered in India and in Egypt is not at all dissimilar to the path which some would have the United States government tread in Mexico; and it is most certainly the path that Spain trod in the days of her madness when her buccaneer chiefs destroyed, most wantonly, civilizations superior to those which she imposed.

Obviously, such a man would give the sentimentalists short shrift, would be enfant terrible to the platitudinists who talked about the "thin red line of heroes" and those who "bled for their country." And bearing that in mind, small wonder that old parliamentary hands foamed at the mouth and discussed the famous entry of June 22, at Westminster. But what Blunt's heart felt and what Blunt's mind thought, that would Blunt's hand set down for weal or woe. So:

News of the battle of Abu Klea—Burnaby killed, as it serves him right, for he was a mere butcher. . . . These English soldiers are mere murderers, and I confess I would rather see them in perdition than that a single Arab more should die. . . . A mongrel scum of thieves . . . commanded by young fellows whose ideal is the greenroom of the Gaiety—without beliefs, without traditions, without other principle of action than just to get their promotion and have a little fun. On the other side men with the memory of a thousand years of freedom, with chivalry inherited from the Saracens, the noblest of ancestors, with a creed the purest the world ever knew, worshiping God and serving him in arms like the heroes of the ancient world they are. . . . Gladstone! Great God, is there no vengeance for this pitiful man of blood, who has not even the courage to be a man of iron? What is he that he should have cost the world a single life? A pedant, a babbler, an impotent old fool. . . .

A tremendous book indeed, this; a book written by a man with a clear, definite idea; a book most pregnant upon politics, history, religion, and world affairs. CHARLES J. FINGER

On Some New Music

By PITTS SANBORN

THE autumn was uncommonly rich in its harvest of new music. Or, to speak with a more meticulous approach to exactitude, it made known to New York audiences more than the usual amount of unfamiliar music. Some of it was already familiar elsewhere. Stravinsky's "Chant du rossignol" dates in its original form as opera from 1914, in its revised form as symphonic poem (thus Walter Damrosch introduced it to us at the concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra on November 1) from 1917. Stravinsky's "Renard," which the International Composers' Guild brought forward in December, was produced first in 1922. These two pieces, I think, are the main contributions of a harvest copious, varied, and in large part of genuine interest, but both were already known to the public of Paris and of other European cities. The newness of the rest of the "new" music ranged from the "world première" of Ernest Bloch's quarter-tone quintet for piano and strings to some anonymous English Christmas carols of the fifteenth century!

Even so brief and fragmentary a glance at a general situation as this demonstrates immediately the efficacy of guilds and leagues. The International Composers' Guild, the League of Composers (they once were one, but now are twain), the American Music Guild, and the Franco-American Musical Society (a recent entry in the field) are our official and active modernists. Except for their ministrations, our concert rooms would have no choice but to depend on the established instrumental and choral organizations, and on a few such tireless individual gospellers of the new as Mme Gauthier, Mme Leginska, and Mr. Ornstein (at least, as he used to be) for knowledge of the latest developments of musical art. Perhaps the truth of the matter is that the established bodies feel the lash of competition, but in any case it is a fact, and a very healthful and gratifying fact, that where they might go on diffusing Tchaikovsky to the crack of doom and their audiences would never say them nay, they do take some cognizance of the creative ferment in the world about them.

Mr. Monteux, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has been an intrepid producer of modern music (Arthur Bliss's "Color Symphony" is his latest discovery), even though he has hardly courted popularity thereby with the Boston Symphony following in New York. Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphians once dared bring us, though very late in the day, the notorious "Five Pieces" of Arnold Schönberg. Perhaps the expostulations of their New York patrons over that artistic "outrage" persuaded them subsequently to keep the Stravinsky "Sacre du printemps" for Philadelphia consumption only. If so, they served New York jolly well right! The Philharmonic Society's programs for this season are rather surprisingly poor in unfamiliar compositions, though the Stravinsky "Sacre" does appear on Mr. Mengelberg's provisional list.

Mr. Strinsky, always eager to do his part for the new, promises to maintain his praiseworthy record in the ministrations of his recently organized State Symphony, and as earnest of good faith found early opportunity for the performance of Frank Bridge's "Sea" suite. Walter Damrosch, whose New York Symphony programs are proverbially catholic in selection and spiced with novelty, went further this autumn than is even his custom by not only giving New York its first hearing of Stravinsky's "Chant du rossignol" (the American "première" had occurred a few days before in Philadelphia under the leadership of Mr. Stokowski), but by repeating the work twice in quick succession. As it happened, Mr. Damrosch's courage was rewarded with the heartiest sort of approval by his applauding audiences and even by the press.

Kurt Schindler, of course, is always quite amazing in the extent and interest of the discoveries that he lavishes on the

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programs of the Schola Cantorum. His Christmas concert of this season was one of the richest in novel and important matter that even he has ever sponsored. Mr. Schindler's "new" music began with an archaic group consisting of the early English carols before mentioned and other antiques hitherto unperformed here, by Senfl, Sweelinck, Eccard, and Praetorius, and it reached on down to Bela Bartok and Ildebrando Pizzetti! But, alas, the admirably notable concerts of the Schola Cantorum occur only twice a year!

The Society of the Friends of Music introduced to America in October that mastodonic cantata, "Von deutscher Seele," by that singular Munich composer Hans Pfitzner. Pfitzner's music (which is conservative in manner and of inspiration mortally scant) may have some domestic import, but it surely isn't matter for export. The Friends devoted to the performing of it intelligent, skilful, and unsparing effort that might have been expended much better on something else.

Stravinsky, as I have said, was the feature of the autumn harvest. His symphonic "Chant du rossignol," scored with a ravishing sense of timbre and color for an astonishingly small orchestra, draws its inspiration from the farthest East. The particular nightingale—a human soprano in the opera, a flute in the symphonic version—is of the Chinese species, and to the delighted senses of the Emperor of China he sings until the arrival of a mechanical nightingale (clarinet accompanied by piano and harp), a gift from the crafty Emperor of Japan, offends him so sorely that he disappears. But when thus deserted the Chinese monarch lies at the point of death, the bird relents and works a marvelous cure by "singing so alluringly of the Garden of the Dead that Death, impatient to return to his own realm, relinquishes his claim upon the emperor and retires." From this quaint kernel of story Stravinsky's music rises like a spell of magical and jeweled tone which for a moment glistens against the background of silence and, like the offended nightingale, is gone.

For the other Stravinsky, the "Renard," we are indebted to the International Composers' Guild. It was done at their December concert by a group of players from the Philadelphia Orchestra, led by Mr. Stokowski, and by four singers astutely chosen for their tasks. In the small auditorium of the Vanderbilt Theater, without scenery and with no more of miming than pertinent glances exchanged among the men who sang the Fox, the Cat, the Goat, and the Rooster, this "little 'parade' for a fair," with its naive story of a cat and a goat that between them save the life of chanticleer, seemed a veritable masterpiece of musical gaiety and irony.

This was the important autumn contribution of the International Composers' Guild. The kindred, but more restricted, American Music Guild offered at the Town Hall in December a program of works that an American committee selected for presentation at the Salzburg festival of modern chamber music last August. The presentation did not come off as planned, and for that there need be no sorrowing. The program would hardly have added to the prestige of American music on the continent of Europe. On the other hand, the League of Composers started its career at the Klaw Theater in November with a novelty that cannot be neglected, because in it Ernest Bloch, the up-to-the-minute man of music, boldly essays the use of quarter tones.

Alois Haba's quarter-tone quartet proved one of the most discussed of all the pieces done at the aforesaid Salzburg festival. Perhaps Mr. Bloch was too hasty in following so fast on its heels with his quintet for piano and strings. Aside from the quarter-tone innovation, this quintet sounded commonplace and uninspired—distinctly one of the lesser compositions of Mr. Bloch, who has written impressive music. Its only claim to distinction lay in the use of quarter tones, and they sounded as if lugged in from without, not as if part and parcel of the harmonic fabric. Perhaps in time Mr. Bloch, if he persists, will evolve a quarter-tone procedure that assumes the inevitability of real art. To date he hasn't. And so the autumn honors were to Stravinsky without serious dispute.

Drama

Max Reinhardt

ABOUT Reinhardt there is something of the pure visionary. He is a little aloof from the earth and its cares. Through a magnificent career he has preserved a great simplicity and through the direst catastrophe in modern history the freshness of his ardor. No one could have done that who dwelt less wholly in the realm of the imagination and more in that of the concrete. Nothing has laden with dross the vision that he pursues. The future historian of the various arts will note this fact and, as a consequence of it, that "The Miracle," the most astonishing and astonishingly beautiful thing in the entire art of the theater, is built around a legend that has no reality as either fact or symbol. Its medievalism is the constant mark of pure romanticism, of the flight from reality into an easier world of accident and wonder.

Yes, Reinhardt is a romanticist as all the artists of the new theater are. To him and to them the theater is not an art of expression but an art of flight. They do not know it, but what they seek is a refuge, an island of beauty and serenity amid the clashing of the steely waves. Thus Reinhardt produces "The Miracle," and the famous third studio of Moscow produces "Phèdre" and takes pride in the morbidly exquisite grotesquerie of the costumes. And those addicted to this species of art—art as a pure anodyne—will ask you to turn from the stage that portrays the acting and suffering spirit of man to these "divine manikins." Art as an anodyne—that is the pure doctrine of Schopenhauer, of romanticists, and neo-romanticists, and our contemporary artists of the theater do not know that merely because they do not know much about the history of the arts anyhow.

I do not wish it thought that I yield to anyone in my admiration for Max Reinhardt. I have spoken of him here before, of the creative impulse by which he turned a profession into an art, of the variety and power and literally epoch-making character of his achievement. What I am trying to do is to define, to clarify, to understand. There is too much "amazement and blank awe" in our critical reception of even the greatest things; there is too little understanding and far too little integration of them into the intelligible scheme of things.

The Reinhardt of "The Miracle" is of course not the whole artist or the whole man. He himself does not overvalue the stupendous. He told me that he was returning to Vienna in order to establish a small but very perfect repertory theater, the only kind of theater, he added, that has any permanent value or significance. To begin with it would need a subsidy and such a subsidy he has succeeded in procuring. A greater difficulty, he feared, would be met in the matter of gathering an excellent company, since all good German actors have been driven by imminent or actual want into working for the films. Would it not be admirable if Mr. Gest might later bring to us for at least one season what will without doubt be an exemplary theater?

I must return for just another moment to Reinhardt's personality and the spirit that it breathes. He is not only a great artist, but a very practical man of the theater. A theater costs money. There is no affectation about him, no pretense that the practical soils. But there is in him so simple and passionate an understanding of the fact that all this is ancillary or only a means to an end that he can be quite frank and quite severe about it. To Reinhardt art is the reason for his existence and the existence of the theater and almost of the world. If it costs money, then the money must be raised, shall be raised, and, since people are probably not utter fools, will be raised. That spirit of his cannot be taught. It is a pity that Reinhardt is so shy about speaking English that more of the men of our theater could not get at least a glimpse of it from him.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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